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The Week

THERE are two grave national problems arising from the Mississippi flood, and it is unfortunate that in the public discussion they are so often confused with one another, or are regarded as identical. One of these is the question of relief for the present victims, which includes feeding and clothing them, restoring them to their homes when the waters have abated, rebuilding houses and barns, replacing live-stock, replanting fields, and the like. The second problem has to do with efforts to prevent a repetition of the disaster. It involves, in the long run, the expenditure of ten times as much money as is needed for relief, and the working out of a wise and carefully considered national policy. This must include not merely the restitution of the damaged levees, either at their present level or at one a foot or two higher, but answers to a dozen allied questions: Are spillways needed? Storage basins? A wider channel at critical points? What merit is there in the contention of the Department of Agriculture experts that the whole Mississippi valley must be treated as a unit in any real plan for flood control? That deforestation and improper methods of agriculture are responsible, not for causing floods but for greatly augmenting their seriousness, and at the same time destroying the irreplaceable top soil of our best land, at a rapid rate? What of Gifford Pinchot's suggestion that the headwaters of the Mississippi and its tributaries should be utilized for a series of dams generating hydro-electric power, both holding back part of the flood waters and creating useful—and salable—energy?

A SPECIAL session of Congress is not necessary for the purpose of permanent flood relief; but it appears to be badly needed in order to give the flood victims the temporary help they so urgently require. The Red Cross fund of $15,000,000 is altogether inadequate for this purpose. The government is seeking to lend money through the land banks, but this aid also is limited in amount, and restricted to a few specified purposes. While these are important, they are far from telling the whole story. President Coolidge should either call Congress in a special session to vote a federal relief fund, or explain to the country from what other source the necessary funds are to be obtained. But when it comes to the question of preventing the next flood, there is no need to be in such a break-neck hurry. The average interval between these disasters has been six years; and though there is no guarantee that we shall not have one in 1928, the chances are against it. In the past, floods have invariably been made the occasion for a raid on the pork barrel. Members of Congress have seized the opportunity to extract huge sums for purposes which have little or no relation to the real needs of the Mississippi basin. Meanwhile, nothing whatever has been done except to construct levees and more levees, despite the painfully obvious fact that, as they are built higher, floods grow steadily worse. It is probable that genuinely effective measures will only be undertaken when a body of public opinion has been built up which supports them; and it would certainly be better to keep the program in abeyance for the present

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than to rush headlong into a scheme which we should subsequently have cause to regret.

NO event since the Armistice has stirred the American public as has the feat of Captain Lindbergh. And no wonder! This nonchalant young man who casually stepped into his airplane on Long Island and stepped out into the arms of the mob at Le Bourget has the qualities of a real hero. To be sure, his flight was by no means the haphazard exploit of a "Flyin' Fool," as many persons seem to think; it was planned with the utmost care, reinforced by scientific observation, and aided by the use of a remarkable group of instruments, including the extraordinary "earth inductor compass." Yet all the safeguards which could be thrown around it did not prevent his journey's being perilous in the extreme; with the memory of Nungesser and Coli still fresh, Lloyds' would have been justified in offering even greater odds against the American boy than ten to three. His flight was probably of small scientific value; as a precedent for transatlantic aviation it was less useful than would have been a trip by a big plane with more than one motor, and with several persons on board, which would approximate more closely the conditions of ordinary commercial flight. Lindbergh's achievement, after all, lies in the realm of pure spectacle: the quiet youth, with the engaging grin, who elects to fight for thirty hours a hand-to-hand battle with death—and wins. That is what the waiting millions cheered.

WHILE Lindbergh generously gives credit to the designer and maker of his plane, to his engine and his instruments, and while manufacturers of oil, tires and the rest hasten into print avariciously to claim their share of the glory, one important award of credit remains to be made—it has apparently been overlooked by the press, because those who deserve it have remained modestly silent while others have been shouting their wares. The earth inductor compass, to which Lindbergh ascribes his ability easily to maintain a true course without nautical observations, is a result of the scientific research carried on in the interest of the public by the United States Bureau of Standards—the institution which saves the government millions every year by setting up standards and specifications for purchases. For its invention, Dr. Paul Heyl and Dr. Lyman J. Briggs of the Bureau were awarded the Magellan Medal of the American Philosophical Society; it has been previously used in the round-the-world flight by American aviators. Workers in science, receiving extremely modest salaries, and neglecting to ask credit for their achievements, thus in their way add a peculiarly pure type of glory to the exploit.

THE wets have a new champion, who comes forward with the delightful allegation that the Eighteenth Amendment was never legally passed by Congress, and is therefore not properly in force at the present time. The gentleman who brings this great news is Mr. Eliot Tuckerman. He declares, backing his statement with recently recovered letters of Gouverneur Morris, that it was the intention of the Founding Fathers that constitutional amendments should be submitted to the people by two-thirds of the total membership of both Houses, and not merely by two-thirds of those present at any particular moment. This condition was violated, he says, when the Eighteenth Amendment was passed, and, therefore, the whole business is illegal. He has appealed to the Department of Justice for assistance in getting a ruling on this point from the United States Supreme Court, and has received in reply a rather toplofty letter from Mrs. Mabel Willebrandt. She says that, the prohibition amendment having been upheld by the Supreme Court, she feels its legality can no longer be considered open to dispute. We hope Mr. Tuckerman will not be abashed by this reply, and will continue his efforts to obtain an authoritative statement on the meaning of the phrase in Article V of the Constitution, which says that amendments may be submitted "whenever two-thirds of both Houses shall deem it necessary." We do not anticipate that he will have much luck; but we dearly hope he keeps on trying.

PRESIDENT Coolidge has wriggled out of a difficult political situation in regard to prohibition enforcement. General Lincoln C. Andrews has been permitted to resign as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, which rejoices the Anti-Saloon League. The League has never liked the General, who was efficient, non-political, and told the truth about the difficulties of enforcement. On the other hand, Roy Haynes is not to be Prohibition Commissioner. Despite the frantic efforts of the League to bulldoze the President into appointing him, his unfitness for the post was too glaring to be overlooked. Dr. James M. Doran, a person not unpleasing to the League, is to be Prohibition Commissioner. Seymour W. Lowman, a noted dry from upstate New York, is to succeed General Andrews. Thus the politicians are mildly happy, General Andrews, who has long wished to resign, is emphatically so, and the bootleggers, who see themselves less hampered in the future than they have been of late, are seraphic. What more could anybody ask?

AS predicted by the most candid spokesmen of the industry as well as by others, the output of automobiles in 1927 is not holding up to the 1926 record. Now that the returns for April are in, the more important part of the important spring manufacturing season is accounted for. The first four months of this year show a production of 1,317,394 cars, against 1,508,294 in 1926—a drop of over 12.5 percent, while April is below both 1926 and

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1925. The fact that the reduction of output has occurred chiefly in Fords—the cheapest car made—is a sign that the saturation point in the demand for new cars has been reached and passed; there has been little enlargement in the market for expensive cars in many years, except for brief periods of unusual profits and prosperity. From now on the automobile industry must look forward to even keener competition, with an absence of that mushroom growth which has characterized it in the past. Though fortunate and successful companies may still yield large profits, the general character of the industry must change appreciably.

THE situation in China has degenerated into a chaos which, it is conceivable, may continue for years. All three of the existing governments—that of Chang Tso-lin at Peking, Chiang Kai-shek at Nanking and the Nationalists at Hankow—are alleged to be growing weaker day by day, with a corresponding emergence of provincial war lords. Secret negotiations are in progress, generals change sides from day to day and take their armies with them, false rumors tread closely upon one another's heels. All this need surprise no one, however much it may be regretted. The task of reconstructing China is one which, under the most favorable circumstances, could hardly be accomplished in less than a generation. Certainly no one could say that present conditions, with internal dissension and foreign hostility, are auspicious. We doubt whether the condition of the Hankow government is in fact as serious as Shanghai correspondents say. But if it is, the facts offer triumphant vindication of the peaceable policy to which the United States persuaded the reluctant British. If we had used warships, as the hotheads desired, all China would now be aflame against the foreigner, and we should be faced by only two alternatives: a real war, or getting out of the country.

DR. SACASA and his chief followers have left Nicaragua. A considerable part of his force has surrendered its arms and has been mustered out. Guerrilla fighting may continue in the mountains for some time, but the bloody warfare of recent months may safely be assumed to have ended. The leaders of the Liberal faction will return to Nicaragua before the election next year, the fairness of which is to be guaranteed by the United States. The present situation is certainly better than the intolerable condition of the past few months. The United States is wont to boast of its altruistic purpose in meddling in Central American affairs, but in this case its interference undoubtedly cost many hundreds of lives. If we had kept our hands off, it is altogether likely that the revolution would have come to an end long ago. As it was, we refused to permit the Liberals the victory to which their military strength entitled them; and Diaz, even with our assistance, was unable to crush his foes. The whole affair has been a sorry enough episode in Nicaraguan history, and an even sorrier one in that of the United States.

CHARLES H. BOYNTON, President of the Atlas Portland Cement Company, recently said, "Every dollar spent for European goods that we produce or can produce in this country is subtracted from our national buying power. . . . The amount which went out of the country during 1925 for competitive products represented the income of 1,750,000 people." The remedy, according to Mr. Boynton, is for everyone concerned, especially public officials, to prefer American products until American industry is protected from foreign competition by the fact that foreign manufacturers maintain as high labor standards as those in this country. Isn't it a pity, then, that buyers in New York state paid so much for cement made in Pennsylvania, when New York is capable of making cement! Think of all the purchasing power that New York lost. As a matter of fact, there are mighty few commodities which could not be raised or manufactured in New York, if they can be raised or manufactured anywhere in the Northern United States. Tomorrow we shall lead a raiding party to tear up the railroads leading from bordering states, and to destroy all the docks and piers. That would, no doubt, make New York much richer and support millions of families. You say that we might thus interfere with products going out of New York? That much of our wealth arises from exchange? And that the wider the area of exchange, so long as shipments from a distance are not subsidized, the better off most people are likely to be? Such sentiments, sir, if applied to American foreign trade, are disloyal to Atlas Portland Cement.

A Motionless Labor Movement?

MORE and more observers of the American trade-union movement, both without and within, are asking the question, Why does not the movement get ahead? In numbers it is almost stationary. In ability to organize the basic, heavily capitalized industries such as steel, automobiles, electrical equipment and power, it shows little progress. In other industries hitherto strongly organized, such as bituminous coal, it is fast losing ground. In ideas it often appears to be sterile. Against the vivid background of hope for social regeneration from labor, which prevailed during the War and after, the existing prospect seems especially stale.

An observer noting these facts must admit as a preliminary to any further discussion that the unions have been beset with unprecedented obstacles. Their war increase in membership, gained through temporary and superficial pressures, represented in large part a hot-house growth which could not withstand the chill winds of deflation. Labor is tradi-

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tionally slow-moving and is stirred by confused, deep currents; its process of reaction and of recovery is necessarily longer than that of a trim, executive-driven capitalist organization. In addition, it has to face the determined hostility of employing and financial groups who have laid aside none of their ancient hatred for the unions, and have gained immensely both in power and in wile. In the United States there exists today the most virile, convinced and resourceful capitalist rulership which the world has ever seen—not a dictatorship, but a whole culture which starves not merely the unions but all liberalizing groups and movements. Economic circumstances, too, have furnished an unfavorable soil for the growth of unionism of the old type. We have a fairly stable and downward-trending price level, combined with an increased productivity of industry which makes possible slowly rising wages without sacrifice to the employers. There is neither so much impulse, nor so much opportunity, for the workers to struggle about wages as before 1922. In industries where this condition has not obtained, unemployment has made resistance difficult. And industry in general has gained its increased production without enlarging its demand for labor, so that the unions must found their economic activities on the treacherous sands of a well supplied labor market.

As if all these obstacles were not enough, the more intelligent employers in leading industries have, utilizing the opportunities furnished by the economic situation, taken the initiative in attempting to keep ahead of labor's customary demands. They have formed employee organizations (controlled by themselves) to search out and remedy grievances, which are sometimes more efficient in doing so than any except the best managed unions. They have somewhat raised wages, shortened hours, and provided a wide variety of welfare measures, such as pensions, sick benefits and the like. The unions know and say that these boons are not so reliable when granted by the favor of individual employers as if planned and won by organized labor in its own interest; they know that even the present aid of these devices is often superficial, but they have difficulty in offering the workers any better prospect, in view of their own unreadiness to demonstrate with an effective organizing campaign.

In view of this situation, there are many, especially within the unions, who would deny that anything is amiss internally, and resent all criticism as being the product either of hostile radicals who for their own illusory purposes would do away with the historic, practical union movement, or of badly informed intellectuals who want to lead labor though they are not wage-earners and have not experienced union organization from the inside. Some unions, such as those in the printing and building trades, are as strong as ever, go ahead successfully with their traditional functions, and do not intend to imperil the interests of their members by venturesome altruism toward workers in other industries who seem neither desirous nor capable of helping themselves. Other unions, less conservative by tradition, try new ideas which serve to adapt their practices to new situations and opportunities—we see the railroad shop crafts busy with their building of union-management coöperation, and the men's clothing workers intrenching themselves with positive aid to friendly managements. The union movement as a whole has, within the past few years, undertaken and successfully broadened new activities such as banking, labor education and insurance.

All this must be admitted, and yet on account of this to say that nothing further is required is to adopt a restricted view of the union movement. If the unions are to be regarded merely as practical benefit organizations for the workers in those trades where they have in the past happened to grow up, no outsider has a right to find fault with the existing situation. But, in adopting this attitude, one must admit also that the unions have no function in industries such as steel, automobiles, and others where wages may be raised, hours shortened and grievances remedied without them. One must admit that organized labor has little contribution to make to our social scheme or our general culture. Having been once a social movement in the true sense of the word, with regenerative and revolutionary tendencies, if not revolutionary methods, it must now be regarded as an old established institution with a limited field, a camp-follower of organized capitalism, a satellite rather than a center of energy. Like other established institutions, it must be expected not only not to initiate, but to resist change, since change might imperil its prerogatives.

If there is nothing much wrong with our present industrial order, such a view is legitimate, and criticism of the labor movement is pointless; indeed, the labor leader's criticism of the company union is just as pointless. But the conviction will not down among thoughtful persons that we all need the labor movement, not merely as a protection for the workers in a limited number of trades, but as a corrective for broad conditions in contemporary industry and society, a corrective which cannot be conceived or applied by the leaders of capitalism themselves, but only by those who cannot be seduced by the hope of exorbitant profits or power, and who must therefore bring into industry and obtain from it something more closely bound up with the personality. As a people, we stand in need of new ideals for production. Greater profits, increased wages, more leisure, more things to play with, are not enough; we need to know why increased material wealth is a desirable end, to produce such kinds of wealth, to produce them in such a way, and to use them so, that the deeper values of human life may be enhanced. Quantitative prosperity must be translated into qualitative living. How may the worker get the utmost satisfaction out of his work? How may he produce things which really are useful to his soul? A trade-unionism which concerned itself with

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such questions, and knew how to answer them under the conditions of integrated industry and the higher salesmanship, would have something to offer the man who is speeded up all day at the endless belt and seeks relaxation only in painless movies or poisonous bootleg. By attacking the basic evils of the present order, it would render irrelevant the competition which that order now furnishes to unions emphasizing only wages and hours—since wages and hours may be improved by the large corporate employer almost as easily as by the union.

Certainly genuine unionism contains the germ of an attack on just these problems; the revolt of the worker from an order of which he is not a fully responsible and functioning part has been one of the strongest impulses to labor organization ever since modern industrialism arose. The craft spirit and the desire for a complete and independent life has all along furnished the groundwork for the protest against insufficient pay and long hours. The need is for leadership which can express these basic protests, which can forge the unions into an engine relevant to modern industry and capable of correcting its unsound tendencies. The need is for leadership fired with enthusiasm in the mission of labor to transform industrial society, and at the same time shrewd, practical, and intelligent in the application of available forces to existing conditions. Leadership of this kind is such a rare jewel anywhere that it is easier to say what it is not than to say how it may be found. It does not reside in the rough-and-ready, blustering, crafty bargainer. It does not lie in the sentimental, brotherhood-of-man speech-maker. It cannot be found in the dogmatic left-winger who bores from within only to destroy the effectiveness of the movement by adopting tactics dictated by dogma rather than by resourceful adaptation to necessities. Nor yet in the conservative unionist who, seeing the harm done by the radicals, is content with throwing them bodily out instead of competing them out of leadership by making a stronger bid for the loyalty of the enthusiastic and vital workers. In the light of the desperate need for leadership, most of the existing leaders seem blighted by the dead hand of the past, timid, visionless and discouraged, lacking in buoyancy and statesmanship.

Leadership may be born, not made; perhaps we shall have to wait for it miraculously to appear like a prophet or savior. But there is at least a possible task in making use of such leaders as are born, in not unmaking them by false education. This is a task not only for labor; it is common to all of society, and especially to general education. Granting this, some leaders may emerge unscathed from the home, the city and the school, only to be discouraged by conservative union administrations, or led off into unfruitful activity by the superior vitality of the dogmatic left-wingers. Here is an opportunity for labor education—probably its greatest opportunity. A just appreciation of the modern scene, an understanding of the opportunities and needs of labor, the tools of informed intelligence with which to work, a few sparks of courage and inspiration—such food might furnish natural leadership with the sustenance required for a healthy growth.

Pending the germination of leadership, labor marks time. Perhaps it is fallacious at present to speak of a labor movement in this country. A real movement would attempt not merely to get more of the same things which owners and investors already possess, it would tend to transform industry and in doing so would create important issues for public life. At present, the economic drift of the profit-maker dictates the sanctions of civilization within and without our borders; we are overborne by the brute power of accumulated things. Many are capable of seeing the danger; labor has a peculiar opportunity of doing something to avert it. Alone, it cannot save us, but it stands at the intersection of the conflict and occupies a position where strategy might count for something. Yet it finds necessary merely a defensive battle, because it is incapable of giving an aggressive lead. Its old men have apparently ceased dreaming fine dreams, and its young men are discouraged from testing their visions.

This Time Next Year

IT IS asserted on what seems to be good authority that the Republican malcontents in the far western states have finally decided to protest to the very limit against the renomination of President Coolidge, and to work with no less zeal in favor of the nomination of ex-Governor Lowden. They may or may not have reached this decision; and the people, if any, who have reached it may or may not see it through. Americans in politics do not readily screw themselves up to a tense and irreconcilable state of mind. But undoubtedly the discontented farmers west of the Mississippi are at present in open insurrection, and they have just one good chance of overcoming the obstacles to the realization of their program, which is the McNary-Haugen Bill. That chance is to concentrate on the plan that, unless the Republican leaders either enact, or pledge themselves to enact, the bill, they will nominate Governor Lowden on an independent ticket. They cannot force the recognition of their demands unless they seriously threaten to act irreconcilably. Once the Republican organization in the East is convinced of their irreconcilability, then it will have to consider how far it can afford to dispense with the votes of the western Republican states.

The position of the disgruntled Republican farmers is very much strengthened by the prospect that the Democrats may nominate Al Smith. If he is nominated without alienating any part of the South, he will make a dangerous candidate. The Republican leaders will, in that event, simply have to pre-

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vent the western agrarians from running a separate ticket. With three candidates in the field—Coolidge, Smith and Lowden—Smith would be the only one who could be elected. Conceivably, Lowden might carry a sufficient number of western states to prevent Smith from obtaining a majority in the electoral college, but unless the latter proved to be an unexpected failure in national politics, the chances would all be in favor of his election. For, with two Republicans in the field, his own campaign would be very much simplified. He would not suffer from the need of an issue. The two Republican factions would fight one another, while he would float idly with the tide in a boat consisting substantially of the Democratic emblem, his class appeal and his winning personality. For this reason, the Republicans will never permit a three-cornered contest to take place. If Governor Smith has a good chance of being the candidate, the Republican leaders will do almost anything to prevent a split in the party. The interesting question is: What will they be forced to do?

Many of them may consider themselves forced, not entirely against their will, to abandon Mr. Coolidge as their presidential candidate. Consider what the situation will be during the next session of Congress. That body will contain a larger number of Democrats and irregular Republicans than its predecessor. Presumably, it will pass a good stiff McNary-Haugen Bill. Mr. Coolidge will be obliged to veto it. If he does, the Republicans will have great difficulty in repairing the breach in the breastworks of the party without the elimination of Mr. Coolidge. There is a way to eliminate him without an ugly contest. He would scarcely renominate himself if a sufficient number of the party leaders agreed to oppose his renomination on a pretext of loyalty to the anti-third-term convention. It is almost certain that the serious threat of a western insurrection plus a hullaballoo within the party about a third term would force him to withdraw. He lacks, apparently, the temperament for a fight of that kind.

The elimination of Mr. Coolidge would remove the most obvious obstacle to Republican union, but the difficulties would still remain serious. The followers of Mr. Lowden would be tempted to believe that, by continuing their strategy of irreconcilability, they could dictate their own terms to the party. From this point of view, the withdrawal of Mr. Coolidge might only intensify the threat of a third candidate. The attempt to force Mr. Lowden on the Republican convention would provoke an embittered quarrel, unless the Republican leaders worked circumspectly and patiently to bring about an acceptable compromise. The compromise would have to take the form of endorsing a valorization plan for certain agricultural staples, provided the West would agree to support the nominee of the convention, Mr. Coolidge excluded. It was, doubtless, this situation which recently persuaded certain influential leaders of the party to propose the nomination of Mr. Hughes, in the hope thereby of eliminating Lowden as well as Coolidge.

If Mr. Coolidge could have been eliminated in order to make room for Mr. Hughes, the substitution would have had many advantages, for Mr. Hughes, with all his drawbacks, is a statesman with initiative, vision and outstanding ability. But the latter is most unpopular with the party politicians, and he himself immediately threw cold water on the plan. Mr. Coolidge himself, in the event of his own withdrawal, would presumably try to nominate Mr. Hoover, but Mr. Hoover is even more unpopular with the party politicians than Mr. Hughes. He is not acceptable to the discontented western farmers, and his prestige has, of late years, pretty steadily waned. If Hughes and Hoover are counted out, the Republican party has no really available candidate of presidential caliber. The two other political leaders who have announced that they are willing, Messrs. Dawes and Longworth, are both, in different ways, second-rate and dubious mediocrities. If we had to choose between either of them and the President, we should enthusiastically vote for Mr. Coolidge. For, with all his limitations, he is a man with some integrity.

It will be seen, consequently, that if the Republican malcontents do pursue an irreconcilable policy, they will push the party leaders into a tight place, out of which there seems to be at present no very promising escape. The party is suffering from the inability of its "great minds" to formulate an economic policy which is national, in the sense of being acceptable to both the industrial and the agricultural interests. If it follows Mr. Mellon, it runs the risk of alienating enough of the West to elect in 1928 an enterprising Democratic candidate. If it follows Mr. Lowden, it embarks on a policy of price-fixing by the government of doubtful efficacy which is, on account of its socialistic implications, extremely repugnant to the business interests which have succeeded privately in subjecting the prices of their own products to control. Eventually, it is obviously destined to follow Mr. Mellon or his successors, but for the purpose of the next election, it is hesitating, and it is showing very little ability and initiative in its political leadership. It has not the benefit of any wise and effective common counsel. Its important decisions are taken as the result of fortuitous circumstances. If it develops leaders of ability and courage, they are either reduced to impotence or else they withdraw, as Mr. Hughes did, to private life.

Because the Republican party is drifting along the line of the least resistance, we believe that, in the end, Mr. Coolidge will be nominated and will escape an insurrection. When the showdown comes, the discontented westerners will probably not go to the mat. They did not in 1924, and they have not learned very much since then. There is a great deal of bitterness in their present state of

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mind, but there is not very much conviction, class morale or economic statesmanship. Some means will probably be found to buy them off and disarm their opposition to Mr. Coolidge, and if they are conciliated or out-maneuvered, progressives will have no reason to regret it very much. Mr. Lowden is supported by many progressives, but he does not represent a progressive interest or body of ideas. If Mr. Lowden runs as an independent, he might help to elect a wet Democrat, but in that event the Democrat would not have earned his election, and he would not represent any coherent and educated body of public opinion. But with Governor Smith as one candidate and President Coolidge as the other, the American people would engage in a significant clash of cultural and social ideals which in the end would force an outlet in some sharp and important economic and political controversy. Coolidge and the Republicans would be faced by the leader of a different social group which would move, so far as it became conscious, in the direction of a different goal. They would benefit by the competition. They would be stimulated to seek ways of bettering their record. Al Smith, on his part, would have to prove his ability to lead the Democrats out of their swamp of inertia and to interest them and the millions of merely occasional Republicans in a progressive substitute for Mellonism. A contest of this kind, rather than a fight between two Republican factions with the Democrats playing the part of fortunate neutral, is the kind of campaign which would do most to stir up and enlighten American public opinion.

Why Freedom of Speech?

THE recent decision of the Supreme Court which affirmed the conviction of Anita Whitney by a California court, under the law prohibiting criminal syndicalism, is apparently a defeat for freedom of speech. For the net result of the decision is the denial of any relief to a woman who is being sent to jail for behavior which in any civilized country would be considered praiseworthy, and the two Justices of the Court who of late years have been vigilant in protecting the constitutional right to freedom of speech concurred, on what were doubtless adequate legal grounds, in this decision. Yet for anyone who believes in the possible social importance of reaffirming, if only in words, constructive truths, the defeat will involve one major compensation. Mr. Justice Brandeis, in his concurring opinion, used the occasion to define with beautiful precision and cogency the limits within which the State may justifiably restrict freedom of speech. At the same time, he delivered one of the most impressive vindications of the moral and political function of freedom of speech which has ever been uttered. This opinion of Justice Brandeis should hereafter have an honored and conspicuous place in every collection of American patriotic texts.

"Fear of serious injury," he says, "cannot alone justify suppression of free speech and assembly. Men feared witches and burnt women. It is the function of speech to free men from the bondage of irrational fears. To justify suppression of free speech there must be reasonable ground to fear that serious evil will result if free speech is practised. There must be reasonable ground to believe that the danger apprehended is imminent. There must be reasonable ground to believe that the evil to be prevented is a serious one. Every denunciation of existing law tends in some measure to increase the probability that there will be violation of it. Condonation of a breach enhances the probability. Expressions of approval add to the probability. Propagation of the criminal state of mind by teaching syndicalism increases it. Advocacy of lawbreaking heightens it still further. But even advocacy of violation, however reprehensible morally, is not a justification for denying free speech where the advocacy falls short of incitement and there is nothing to indicate that the advocacy would be immediately acted on. The wide difference between advocacy and incitement, between preparation and attempt, between assembling and conspiracy, must be borne in mind. In order to support a finding of clear and present danger it must be shown either that immediate serious violence was to be expected or was advocated, or that the past conduct furnished reason to believe that such advocacy was then contemplated.

"To courageous, self-reliant men, with confidence in the power of free and fearless reasoning applied through the processes of popular government, no danger flowing from speech can be deemed clear and present, unless the incidence of the evil apprehended is so imminent that it may befall before there is opportunity for full discussion. If there be time to expose through discussion the falsehood and fallacies, to avert the evil by the processes of education, the remedy to be applied is more speech, not enforced silence. Only an emergency can justify repression. Such must be the rule if authority is to be reconciled with freedom. Such, in my opinion, is the command of the Constitution. It is therefore always open to Americans to challenge a law abridging free speech and assembly by showing that there was no emergency justifying it.

"Moreover, even imminent danger cannot justify resort to prohibition of these functions essential to effective democracy, unless the evil apprehended is relatively serious. Prohibition of free speech and assembly is a measure so stringent that it would be inappropriate as the means for averting a relatively trivial harm to society. A police measure may be unconstitutional merely because the remedy, although effective as means of protection, is unduly harsh or oppressive. Thus, a state might, in the exercise of its police power, make any trespass upon

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the land of another a crime, regardless of the results or of the intent or purpose of the trespasser. It might, also, punish an attempt, a conspiracy or an incitement to commit the trespass. But it is hardly conceivable that this Court would hold constitutional a statute which punished as a felony the mere voluntary assembly with a society formed to teach that pedestrians had the moral right to cross unenclosed, unposted, waste lands and to advocate their doing so, even if there was imminent danger that advocacy would lead to a trespass. The fact that speech is likely to result in some violence or in destruction of property is not enough to justify its suppression. There must be the probability of serious injury to the State. Among free men, the deterrents ordinarily to be applied to prevent crime are education and punishment for violations of the law, not abridgment of the rights of free speech and assembly."

Justice Brandeis, however, accompanied the preceding definition of the limits within which freedom of speech may be reasonably abridged by an even more impressive exposition of the benefits which the founders of the Republic hoped would accrue to the American people by incorporating freedom of speech and assembly among their fundamental constitutional rights. "Those who won our independence," he declares, "believed that the final end of the State was to make men free to develop their faculties; and that in its government the deliberative forces should prevail over the arbitrary. They valued liberty both as an end and as a means. They believed liberty to be the secret of happiness and courage to be the secret of liberty. They believed that freedom to think as you will and to speak as you think are means indispensable to the discovery and spread of political truth; that without free speech and assembly discussion would be futile; that with them, discussion affords ordinarily adequate protection against the dissemination of noxious doctrine; that the greatest menace to freedom is an inert people; that public discussion is a political duty; and that this should be a fundamental principle of the American government. They recognized the risks to which all human institutions are subject. But they knew that order cannot be secured merely through fear of punishment for its infraction; that it is hazardous to discourage thought, hope and imagination; that fear breeds repression; that repression breeds hate; that hate menaces stable government; that the path of safety lies in the opportunity to discuss freely supposed grievances and proposed remedies; and that the fitting remedy for evil counsels is good ones. Believing in the power of reason as applied through public discussion, they eschewed silence coerced by law—the argument of force in its worst form."

The foregoing justification of freedom of speech, which Justice Brandeis has imputed to the founders of the Republic, is, of course, corroborated by the social philosophers of today who think most maturely about the functions of government, the logic of social life and the nature of man. Speech is not merely an instrument of social communication. It is by expressing themselves freely and candidly that human beings learn to become conscious of their activities and of themselves. To interfere with freedom of speech is, consequently, to interfere with the development of individual life under social conditions. For human beings can educate themselves socially and morally and unfold their latent possibilities only in a medium of inveterate and articulate consciousness. They rid themselves of the bondage of their habits and the limitations of their experience by virtue of their ability to become aware of what they are about and to express their awareness. The most effective way of discouraging an increasing scope and adaptability of consciousness is to frustrate its impulse and impair its opportunity to become articulate.

We think of freedom of speech chiefly as a political right and function, but, of course, it is much more than that. It is a condition of all social education and of much self-education by individuals on their own initiative. People who are prevented from expressing themselves will have yielded, willy nilly, to the dictates of a fear, and fear, no matter how severe and convulsive the activities it may immediately provoke, finally results in some kind of paralysis and decay. It is the emotional analogue of inertia. Freedom of speech, consequently, not merely corrects the obsessions and aberrations which take place in the dark of the individual and social mind, but it pulls together those societies and individuals who really practise it. Democratic societies cannot attach too much importance to it. They cannot learn and they cannot move without it. In so far as they suppress it, they are bound eventually to pay a large price for their lack of toleration. The suppression of speech is a signal of the fear of movement and growth. Growths, it is true, are sometimes pathological and have to be suppressed for the good of the organism, but these suppressions are moral surgical operations which are limited to crises, and in a vigorous social organism they should not survive the crises.

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The Evolution of the Russian Dictatorship

EVERY party which aspires to govern is in danger from the moment that it attains power. The danger of the Communist party is something more than this universal peril. It inherits power in a country which had the worst governing tradition in Europe. Russians have for years been complaining of the growth of what they call "bureaucracy" under the Soviet system. The word has a meaning which is strange to us. It includes, no doubt, what we call the habit of "red tape." But Russians mean a good deal more than this by "bureaucracy." They mean, first of all, the attitude of the official who regards the common mortals with whom he has to deal as an inferior species, for whom he will take no trouble and to whom he owes neither courtesy nor attention. This type of official is always busy with something more important, and tells you to call again. He is the favorite butt of popular humor, and I saw a farce which satirized him (or, as it happened, "her") to the immense delight of an audience which had evidently suffered. At his worst, this type of official passes from indifference to insolence, and from insolence, when he realizes how soft and yielding is the human material below him, to predatory habits.

The governor, in Gogol's irresistible comedy, "The Inspector-General," expected the merchants of his town to supply him with vast sugar loaves and bottles of champagne, and to feel honored that they might serve so great a man. I have heard of a Soviet official, in just such another little provincial town, who would order what he wanted in the local shops, on the understanding that the bill was a mere formality. The same person expected the young women clerks in the service to buy promotion with their favors. He survived for some time, trading on the timidity of some and the servility of others, and profiting by the boundless tolerance and the habitual passivity which distinguishes Russians from western races. Much against the advice of his friends, a young man who had more courage than the rest lodged a complaint at headquarters, and after prolonged inquiries, not this man only, but the whole group of like-minded officials whom he had gathered round him, were cleared out of their posts. In countries where sheep are numerous and watch-dogs few, wolves will multiply and flourish. The foundation of all these scandals, great and small, is the timidity and fatalism of the Russian people. Centuries of experience taught them to expect such conduct in officials. The similarity, under the vast difference, of the new dictatorship to the old autocracy, is, indeed, so striking that a Moscow theater has actually produced an up-to-date version of Gogol's comedy, under the title of "Comrade Kleshtakoff." But humor runs unweariedly on these lines. The Communists constitute in the popular imagination a privileged class. I saw on a provincial stage one of the innumerable comic sketches which turn on this theme. Its subject was an attempt by a young man to pass himself off as a Communist, in order to persuade a hesitating father to accept him as a son-in-law.

Nothing impressed me more during my visit to Russia this year than the evidence that the Communist party is itself alive to the danger which it runs from this drift backwards into the traditional bureaucratic attitude. There is no vocal opposition to play watch-dog, but the part has been assumed by the party's official organ, Pravda. It is unsparing in its denunciation of these and similar abuses, and it carries on an unceasing campaign against the servility and passivity which render these abuses possible. But it has gone far beyond the mere writing of leading articles. It has fostered a very singular institution, whose growth suggests that society in Russia is spontaneously evolving its own appropriate organs of democracy. I saw a fortnightly paper, The Spur, published by and for the workers of the Three Hills Factory in Moscow. It had two columns in which sundry grievances and abuses of factory life were discussed by the workers themselves, in free and caustic language. One of them urged that the fact that one of the machines was lying idle was a sign of inefficient management. Another assailed a foreman by name, because he expected one of the girls under him, who was on piece work, to leave her tasks to make tea for him. In every factory newspaper there are similar columns, and the graver charges find their way into the general press. The workmen who take it upon themselves to write in this fearless way about factory life (and indeed, about the administration generally) are known as *rab. corrs* (workers' correspondents). They are almost what the Tribunes of the Plebs were in ancient Rome, privileged critics of the rulers and champions of the common people. Their status is so far recognized that they enjoy a certain immunity, and when, as happened lately, an angry official murdered a *rab. corr* who had criticized him, he was tried not for murder, but on the graver capital charge of a counter-revolutionary attempt. Pravda has on its books no less than 300,000 of these *rab. corrs* all over the country, and recently organized a conference to work out the methods which they should follow. It can print only a small selection from the

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letters which reach it, but all of them are analyzed and noted, and periodical reports based upon them are sent up to the departments and institutions which they concern. In this way, Pravda is able to supply the administration with a living and sensitive mirror of public opinion. I heard of instances in which important new legislation, or vital amendments to legislation, had their origin in these reports.

This is not the only method of focusing public opinion which has grown up in recent years. In watching these developments and in talking to leading Communists, the conviction grew in my mind that a subtle change had been coming over the party in recent years. In no sense has the dictatorship been relaxed. Of all political tendencies and opinions which it considers "counter-revolutionary," it would say what Burke said on one occasion of Paine's views—it would leave them to the refutation of criminal justice. In the early phases of the Revolution, it was a ruthless, reckless and almost alien force, which broke in upon the slow course of Russia's native development, to upset it and divert it, and reshape it according to a foreign Marxist pattern. In those days, it stood above the mass, bending it to its own will, and struggling against nature to impose in hot haste its own plan of a socialist commonweal. Today, it seems to me, it has come to think of itself more modestly as the servant of the people and the interpreter and executant of its will. I was startled to hear one of the three or four men who form the thinking of the ruling caste say, in the most natural way in the world, without emphasis or self-consciousness, that the party (he was talking German) is the *Sprachrohr* (speaking-tube or mouthpiece) of the people. It seeks to divine what the people desires. It would feel a sense of defeat and dissatisfaction, if a listless public were to leave it to do its dictating without sharing in its work. The dictators have developed sensitive ears; they listen in the intervals of issuing their decrees.

At Vladimir I was allowed to attend a private meeting of delegates from all the branches of the Communist party in the county, which discussed the results of the recent elections. In its election campaign, here as elsewhere, the party had a single object—to induce the largest possible number of electors to go to the polls. The reckoning was that, if a voter is hostile or indifferent, he will not trouble to attend the election meeting. If, on the other hand, he can be induced to attend, one may assume some degree of sympathetic interest on his part in the objects which the Soviets are pursuing. The party had attained its object. While only 50 percent of the electors attended last year, the attendance this year was 76 percent. Even more interesting was the effort which the party had made to bring "new blood" into the Soviets. No less than 69 percent of the members elected to the town Soviets were sitting for the first time, and in the villages the percentage was still higher—79. Here the intention was to diffuse active participation in the practical work of government as widely as possible. The aim is now to broaden the base of the dictatorship: more citizens are to support it by voting; more are to serve it by sharing in the administration; more are to partake in it, through the big recent increase in the national membership of the party.

What, then, shall we say of this dictatorship which broadens its base, keeps its ears open, thinks of itself as the mouthpiece of the masses, and begins to cultivate tact? Is it fading into a rather original, but still genuine form of democracy? That, I think, would be a rash and precipitate conclusion. I should say rather that the dictatorship will behave, and is, indeed, behaving already, remarkably like a democracy, but only because it retains absolute power in the hands of its governing party. That party may make a habit of yielding gracefully, and compromising in the grand manner; it may choose to obey the voice of the people. But it will always insist on collecting that voice in its own specially prepared receivers. If it yields, it will seem to yield spontaneously. It will never submit major issues to a free election, or permit an opposition to rally its citizens against it. Within these limits, it would, I think, be true to say that some of the fruits of democracy may be enjoyed.

The dictatorship, after all, can survive only under certain favorable conditions. The town population, or at least the organized workers within it, must remain true to the Soviets. Experience has proved that, fighting on internal lines, a party which has behind it the massed industrial population of Central Russia can, in the long run, dominate the rest of its vast area. Again, it is a *sine qua non* that any conscript army raised within this central area must be loyal. That presupposes that the town workers have moral ascendancy enough to lead at least the younger generation of peasants. A dictatorship which must conform to these conditions has something in common with a democracy. It rests on the consent of that part of the people which is strategically important.

The other indispensable condition for the exercise of the dictatorship lies in the fundamental rule of the Communist party. It is a formidable instrument for action, because it requires and receives absolute obedience from all its members to every decision which its elected congress has taken. The consequence of this rule is that controversies which have once been thrashed out within the party are not revived within the Soviets. The party may abandon itself for a time to a hot and unrestrained debate over a big political issue, as it did last year on the questions raised by Trotsky and his group. The controversy rages in the party press. But until the party has made up its mind, the issue will not be raised with the Soviets in any form that challenges a decision. And after the party has decided, the action for which its decision calls will

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be prescribed by the Soviets as a matter of course. The beaten minority of the party will not merely sit silent; it will actually vote for the course which up to this point it had done its utmost to oppose.

Here, then, one comes to the real core of the dictatorship, and the secret of the Communist party's ascendancy. It reserves the real decision on big issues of policy to its own ranks. It can guard itself against the premature emergence, or the undesired revival of these capital issues in the Soviets, because it can trust its members to be loyal to their vow of obedience. The peculiarity of the Soviet system renders it possible for it to exclude such issues from popular debate at the elections, and yet to keep some life in these annual festivals of unanimity. These elections do not seem a mere farce, for they do result in the choice of men and women who will carry on the actual work of administration in the lower Soviets in accordance with the views of the masses. It is, after all, this work of administration that the average man can observe. It requires some imagination to grasp the importance of the deliberative work done at the center.

To what extent is this average Russian citizen irked or depressed by the dictatorship? A foreigner must answer such a question with diffidence. I could form my impressions only from chance talks with workers whom I rarely met more than once. But I have been startled several times by the natural and spontaneous way in which a worker would say, when summing up the gains and losses of the Revolution: "Besides, we are free." In trying to think oneself into this state of mind, one has to cross many centuries. Behind our own views of personal freedom and democratic rights lies a long evolution which Russians wholly escaped. Human beings do not spontaneously resent government by dictation. To accept it is, indeed, the natural and habitual attitude of our species. That part of it which inhabits the two shores of the Atlantic has recently acquired another outlook. It arrived at it after opening its mind to a series of revolutionary influences which elevate the western conception of the sanctity and importance of the individual. There were none of these self-conscious individuals in Babylon or Egypt. The Catholic Church did not breed them. They are the children first of the Reformation, then of Whig philosophy, and finally of the French Revolution.

The Russian masses were immune from all such influences. They read nothing; indeed, they could not read. The Orthodox Church went on repeating the mystic other-worldliness of the dark ages. And the trade unions, when they did at last begin to influence the *élite* of the urban workers, brought with them not the individualism of French "philosophy," and English radicalism, but a rigid form of Marxism. This doctrine looked at mankind in the mass, and taught the worker to think of himself, not as a human individual who had a title to certain personal rights, but rather as a member of a class to which he owed "solidarity." For nearly three generations, English workers were absorbed in the struggle to win the parliamentary vote, which appeared to them to be a badge of their individual human dignity. When the Russian workers began to struggle in grim earnest, it was to win power for their class-organization, the Soviet.

These reflections may seem trite and superfluous. But in asking oneself what is the state of mind of the average man of another race and civilization, it is important to ascertain, not merely what positive ideas his mind contains, but also what ideas are missing from its storehouse. The democratic, individualist idea never penetrated to the mass soul of the Russian workers. It leaped, skipping the long historic preparation through which the West had passed, from the primitive villager's view of life, which, like the village itself, had remained unchanged for half-a-dozen centuries, suddenly and with blood-shot eyes, amid perils and excitements, to a highly doctrinaire and abstract form of socialism. Why, then, should this average worker and peasant resent the lack of democratic liberties for which he had never sighed or struggled?

The tragedy of Russia is that, while the conquering working class had escaped this democratic evolution, the minute intellectual class, nurtured on a great and humane literature, and familiar with the thought of the West, had passed very thoroughly through it. It, assuredly, had sighed for freedom, and struggled gallantly to win it. It feels itself injured and insulted by a dictatorship which despises the fundamental liberties. But we must not, by following western analogies uncritically, exaggerate its influence. Its ideas do not percolate down to the mass—as in the West, the ideas of the middle-class usually do—and this for two all-important reasons. It enjoys no economic influence. Nor has it the command of a press. The dictatorship uses that instrument to make the thinking of the masses, and uses it with entire success. To speak of newspapers alone, its journals have more than twice the circulation which the whole Russian newspaper press possessed before the Revolution.

But a candid mind must, I think, go further. The dictatorship in Russia was the inevitable outcome of her tragic history. The economic collapse, the daily misery of the mass, the shame of defeat in the field and the weakness of the politicians who tried during 1917 to find a solution in compromise, left no way open save catastrophic upheaval. When once the follies and failures of the past have set to any society the problem of embarking on a rapid and thorough-going reconstruction of its foundations, liberalism has no technique to offer it. The democratic idea came to life in close alliance with the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. For, while the middle-class, to free itself from the oppressions of feudalism, put forward its claims to civil liberty and a wider suffrage, it was far from supposing that the State would be better able, thanks to these

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reforms, to play a creative part in shaping the destinies of society. It would be more nearly true to say that typical liberals intended by these innovations to disarm the State. Even the democratic vote was conceived by them rather as a defense against undesired interference than as a means of ensuring rapid and fundamental change. They hoped, above all, that it would sweep away the last obstacles of the feudal tradition, which hampered the free play of their own individual initiative as traders and manufacturers. The State was for them merely the door-keeper of the vast arena in which economic forces, personal energies, and self-regarding motives should have free play. That generation may have understood the implications of liberalism rather better than its modern professors, who have discarded *laissez-faire*. For the moment one realizes, in an historic emergency, that the State must not merely regulate, but also create, and that amid fierce struggle and at break-neck speed, the mechanism of democracy seems ill-adapted to its task. Could the two-party system and the tradition of the political see-saw, which are common to both British and American systems, survive a resolute attempt to introduce fundamental change? Would it be reasonable to expect of any party which had done what the Russian Communists did in their first months and years of power, that they should jeopardize the very basis of the new system, by risking elections which might bring its adversaries to the helm? The detached observer has still the right to ask for how long it may be necessary to prolong the dictatorship. But again, if he is candid, he will recognize that the Russian Communists are, by devious ways, attaining some of the advantages which democracy ensures.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

After Four Lean Years

IT was during the reign of Gifford Pinchot that Pennsylvania scandalized the nation by its $3,000,000 primary slush fund. People wondered how such a price would permit even such a successful concern as the Keystone State to pay adequate dividends. But the majority stockholders in that investment were experienced business men and knew a bargain when they saw it. They had just gone through four of their leanest years within memory. Giant power, clean elections and old-age pensions, among numerous other issues, became threatening afflictions under Governor Pinchot, and no price was excessive for getting back to the flesh pots. And the dividends have come in a steady flow. With Pinchot out, there is not even a rumor of giant power any longer; the charters refused by him have been granted immediately. Instead of clean elections, the people have been given some sops in the form of a few crippled, and, friends of honest balloting contend, almost worthless, laws. There remained only the "Moscow-imported" old-age-pension scheme to be abolished. The state has completely purged itself also from this danger from Muscovy, and glory hallelujah, the fat years are in full swing!

Pennsylvania's recently demised legislature has dealt a death blow to Bolshevism at home. And it struck just in time; for the Bolshevik hordes threatened to cross the Susquehanna River "over the longest stone bridge in the world," capture the capital, and obscure the halo which through all the years has over-hung the head of Matthew Quay—Pennsylvania's greatest statesman. Only the ardent patriotism of the majority stockholders in the primary investment—Joseph R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, Alba B. Johnson, President of the State Chamber of Commerce, and W. L. Mellon (nephew of the "greatest" Secretary of the Treasury), Chairman of the state Republican party, saved this great commonwealth from complete capitulation to the Reds.

Indeed, Moscow's game was subtle. It selected as its Pennsylvania Lenin none other than William S. Vare, United States Senator-elect, otherwise chief of the Republican organization of Philadelphia. His Trotsky was none other than James H. Maurer, President of the Pennsylvania Federation of Labor, and Chairman of the State Old-Age-Pension Commission. His Zinoviev was Bishop Ethelbert Talbot of the Episcopal Diocese of Bethlehem, President of the American Association for Old-Age Security. As his Third International he used the Fraternal Order of Eagles, church groups, patriotic organizations and numerous other societies. As his center of attack, he urged passage of an amendment to the Pennsylvania Constitution which, if approved by the voters, would permit the legislature to make appropriations for the indigent aged! How unsuspectedly near the brink of Bolshevism Pennsylvania was, may be seen from the fact that, had it not been for this eleventh-hour energetic stroke, the people might actually have been given the opportunity to vote on this issue. For the leaderless, 1925 Assembly, smarting under the denunciations of Pennsylvania's political anomaly, Gifford Pinchot, had already passed this amendment, and it went through the 1927 Senate by a large majority.

At first, the preferred stockholders were confident that in a state so historically impregnable to Communism, Moscow's progress could not be easy. A trap for the non-voting common stockholders was

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carefully mapped out, it is reported, in the Executive Mansion at a dinner given to the Superior Court. It was agreed then and there, so the story goes, that the bill would be let through the Senate as a mere compliment to Senator Flora M. Vare, the only woman in the Senate, who sponsored it. It was then to be heavily salted and assigned to a specially selected pickling committee in the House. Lack of faith among the high financiers, however, caused some of them to attempt to scotch the resolution in the Senate just before it came up for final passage. Thus, Senator Max G. Leslie, boss of the Pittsburgh "Strip" and "broker" for the Mellon interests, voted against the measure, although he was not only committed to the bill, but in 1921 had himself sponsored an old-age pension measure. Another Senator who, a few days before, had written to two persons that he positively would vote for this bill, was overheard lobbying against it before the vote came up. He persuaded the Senator sitting next to him to vote against it, saying that the orders were to kill the bill. The misguided Senator—whose name was among the first on the roll-call—did as he was told, while the adviser—his name coming among the last—upon seeing that a large majority voted for the resolution exclaimed, "Well, she's going over big," and voted "aye."

The market thus remained unshaken. The House Committee had been selected and its chairman had promised not to let the bill out. Senator Vare and his cohorts, however, succeeded in winning over the chairman. Out-maneuvered, the forces headed by Joseph Grundy and Alba B. Johnson demanded a public hearing. This was granted, and the two opposing forces met in open combat.

Declared the champions of the poorhouse: "This bill is merely an entering wedge for the hordes of socialists and communists who are determined upon the ruin of this fair state and nation. The poorhouse system has been in existence for over 300 years. Its elimination would be contrary to the best traditions of Americanism. Such a proposal is vicious. Should it pass, Pennsylvanians would simply lie down, refuse to work, and merely wait to reach the age of seventy in order to live upon the fat of the state. It would ruin the state's industries which are so overwhelmingly oppressed and burdened." Finally, Alba B. Johnson, formerly head of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, exclaimed, "It would not be wise to trust the people with this amendment, as at no time have they shown considerable intelligence in voting upon constitutional amendments."

As was to be expected, the forces accused of seeking to overthrow the government fell back upon their customary insidious game of quoting the United States Constitution. They argued that the sovereign people of the state ought to be given the right to decide this issue. They pointed out that, since business men and industrialists do not fear to deviate from the path of their grandfathers in their own businesses, there would seem to be no danger in an innovation on the part of the state! Moreover, the leader of the Bolsheviki, Senator Vare, exclaimed that "the vested interests who now come to oppose a little humanitarian legislation for the aged are the same ones who, year in and year out, came to fight against the workmen's compensation law, the mothers' pension act, child labor regulations, etc." He pointed out that, despite the earlier predictions, he could not as yet detect any signs of bankruptcy among Pennsylvania industries and businesses, that even the Mellons were still in business, and that, as far as he knew, they all seemed to be still doing fairly well.

The presence of Senator Vare and the hordes of his followers who attended the hearing took the financial wizards by surprise. The Committee promptly reported the bill out. Grieved and discouraged, its opponents retired to the hotel and shed some tears. In a body, they marched upon the executive office at the Capitol and poured out their bitter complaints before the Governor of Pennsylvania, who is flesh of their flesh and blood of their blood. Had they not spent upon his and Senator Pepper's primary campaign the sum of $2,000,000, more than twice the sum spent by Senator Vare? Was not the Governor's victory due to the careful counting of the ballots in Mellon's own grazing grounds—Allegheny County—which turned his opponent's lead of over 70,000 votes the day following the election to a majority of about 18,000 in the Governor's favor a few days later? And now that danger was imminent, was it not time to pay the interest upon their investment? They pleaded not in vain. Governor John S. Fisher was not the man to disappoint them.

Under three previous governors, a commission had been studying the entire subject of old-age dependency. Its reports had been accepted everywhere as thorough and authentic. After careful investigation, this commission had repeatedly declared that, under any possible pension law, no more than approximately 25,000 aged persons would qualify for pensions, at a cost of approximately $5,000,000 a year. The cost of a pensioner would amount to but one-third of the cost of an alms-house inmate. Even the State Chamber of Commerce, within a few months, had reduced its first guess of $60,000,000 a year to $15,000,000 a year. Governor Fisher, however, issued the following statement:

"It is anyone's guess as to the number of dependents who would come under the provisions of such an enactment. Many have estimated it in excess of 100,000; but if it were only 100,000 at $1 per day each, it would require $36,500,000 per annum to pay the bill or $73,000,000 for the biennium." Declaring that he is unalterably "opposed

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to any legislation which would fasten on the state a great list of civil pensioners," he added: "This would be a heavier burden than either the highways or the schools. . . . The issue raised by the proposal creates the most serious business problem the state has ever been called upon to face in times of peace."

This statement is significant. Although the greatest pressure ever brought to bear, on the part of all elements in the state, was exerted in behalf of effective election reform bills, the Governor, who himself had sponsored these bills, categorically "declined to dictate" to the legislature what they should do when the bills were brought out, crippled, from committee. Under the Constitution, he is required to approve such bills. He showed no hesitation, however, in informing the legislators of his opposition to a constitutional amendment which does not require his approval.

But even this statement could not calm the alarmed majority stockholders. The Bolsheviki were claiming victory, and the prospects of the fat years could not be permitted to slip away. Governor Fisher conferred with Bolshevik Vare at the Union League Club in Philadelphia and, according to the newspapers, advised him to surrender, or he would be "completely annihilated from politics in Pennsylvania." Obstinate Vare refused. Promptly, legislators were brought in one by one. Their appropriation bills, road bills, etc., were threatened by a veto. The punishment meted out to Representative Helen Grimes, who had voted to report the bill out from committee, served as an example. Her pet bill providing for the licensing of beauty parlors was shunted back to the committee for strangulation at the last moment. Bolshevik Vare and old-age pensions must be wiped out, or Pennsylvania would have no peace. Judges were ordered to deliver the votes, or the Governor would veto a bill increasing their salaries. It was even rumored that one legislator was offered $1,000 for his vote against the amendment.

On the decisive day, many of the county Republican leaders were brought to the capitol. A deluge of telegrams poured in. These came from bankers, industrialists, professional patriots, business clubs, chambers of commerce, and the like. Even florists and hay-and-seed merchants, being told that the Bolsheviki use no floral wreaths and refuse to eat hay, urged their legislators to fight this menace to their very existence.

Meanwhile, the Pennsylvania press, with a few exceptions, did its duty at such an urgent moment. In streamer headlines on the front pages, and leading editorials, it sounded the bugle, calling the army of Mellon-Grundy-Fisher stockholders to give battle to the Communist hordes as personified in that vicious and uncontrollable Senator-elect William S. Vare. The Philadelphia Public Ledger gallantly stood in the front-line trenches. Its pride swelled not in vain when it printed a letter from one of the leading opponents which acknowledged "the grateful thanks of the people of Pennsylvania to the Public Ledger for the admirable editorial campaign against the proposed old-age-pension amendment—that catastrophe which has been so happily averted under the splendid leadership of Governor Fisher, Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Grundy."

The editors of the Public Ledger fully deserved these "grateful thanks." They had, indeed, left nothing undone in their campaign against this revolutionary measure from Moscow, which might have given the citizens of Pennsylvania a chance to amend their Constitution. After a particularly vicious editorial, the editorial writer's attention was called to a number of misstatements and falsehoods. He promised to publish a protesting letter. When he received it he wrote back: "It was not worth while to send any communications which made charges of unfairness or any lack of good faith."

Result? Three days before the bill came up for final passage, at least 120 of the 208 legislators had definitely given their pledges to vote for this amendment. When the roll was called, Moscow had lost all but sixty-four of its disciples. The Pinchot plagues thus having been completely wiped out, the next four years promise to be the fattest in history. The primary investment has already proved wise, and the dividends will exceed those of Mr. Ford.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN.

California: Ashamed and Repentant

FROM the days when Joaquin Murrieta pillaged its valleys by day and hid in its mountain fastnesses by night, until a generation ago; that is to say, from the time it was admitted to statehood until well toward the close of the nineteenth century, California breathed the air of freedom and was as rich in liberty as in gold. Other commonwealths might suppress, regulate, prohibit; the sons and daughters of this one, restrained only by a few natural laws, were free to think, speak and act as they pleased. Let them eschew murder, rape and theft, and they could order their own conduct; provided they did not drag others along, they could go to hell when and as they wished. There was little law, very much liberty, and a vast amount of something more priceless even than liberty (and now more nearly extinct): honor.

Alas, other times bring other ways. Men who will brave the wilderness, battle savages and fight grudging Nature, will fight also to preserve their liberties. Such men, however, conquer only to die. They who come to reap the harvest, softened by the comparative ease of their endeavor, trade lib-

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erty for lucre; forsake eternal vigilance for unremitting gain. As population increased, as the great ranches were cut into small farms, as cities sprang up and grew, and people came more and more to live off one another, the free spirit was pushed farther and farther into the background. The decline of liberty was not particularly swift, but it was steady and sure. The community's and the state's "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" more and more supplanted the individual's "I will" and "I will not." For a man's freedom and responsibility to do what our British cousins call the "right thing," were substituted the commandments of the state.

Thus stood matters at the opening of the twentieth century. California was prosperous, comfortable; with a wealth of natural resources virtually untouched. Population was steadily increasing, industries developing and expanding, mines and forests and orchards and farms yielding great wealth. Still, it was not satisfied; it wanted more people. So it decided to "tell the world" of its vast resources, balmy climate, fertile land, and free, easy life. Northern California, always conservative and somewhat indifferent to progress, did little of this; Southern California much. There agencies were created with no other objective, gigantic advertising campaigns were launched, and alluring literature distributed throughout the country. From all that region went out the cry: "Come to California."

They came — from the Middle West. A tiny stream of them, then a great river, then a mighty ocean. They came swiftly, and set up their ideas and their establishments without missing a prayer meeting. As Middle Westerners they came, as Middle Westerners they remained. In the strength of their numbers they slew the traditions they could not understand; destroyed the California environment and, almost overnight, put in its place their own. I do not seek to indict the Middle West. I only say that its traditions, its beliefs, its spirit are not those of the old California. And out of this lack of understanding were born in them deep, active antagonisms, which set upon and overthrew all with which they came into conflict.

Then came the war to end war. Farthest from the blood and turmoil of the conflict, California made the greatest vicarious sacrifice. Witch-burning, in all its variants, was prosecuted wholesale and with zeal. Nowhere else in the world—certainly not in shell-rocked, blood-soaked Europe—did business man and statesman, poet and preacher and all that lie between, unite to perpetuate such atrocities upon those who sought to act with the slightest independence. Menacing mobs, yawning jails, and the exquisite torturing processes of a new inquisition. Constitutional guarantees of free speech, free assemblage, free press, ground into the dust. Trial by jury, all law, made a mockery by manner of manipulation or enforcement.

November 11, 1918. . . . Flags waving, drums beating, bands playing. Shouting, singing, weeping, milling thousands marching the streets. War ended . . . world safe for democracy . . . seas freed . . . small peoples given self-determination . . . militarism crushed . . . unspeakable Huns vanquished . . . peace. . . . But there was no peace. Only more hell. Open wider the doors of the dungeons. Pass more sumptuary laws. Appoint more prosecutors. Impanel more grand juries. Restrict speech and assemblage still farther. Goddam the reds, the liberals, the independents; drive 'em out, mob 'em, kill 'em! The Klan! The American Legion! The Better America Federation! The Criminal Syndicalism Law! The Busick Injunction! More laws, more jails, more victims, more oppression, more intolerance, more vengeance; more 100 percent Americanism!

In 1919, months after the end of the War, hysterical California enacted a Criminal Syndicalism law; in its intent and essence, as well as in the actual extent and potentialities of its application, probably the most vicious assault ever made on human liberty in this country; certainly a thing without parallel outside the lists of tyrants' ukases. Under this law, more persons were sent to the penitentiary, for from one to fourteen years, than under similar laws in any other state in the union; indeed, I am reliably informed, more than in all other states combined. Twenty-eight were sent as one day's grist from the Los Angeles mills of justice; a huge "sight-seeing" bus was required to transport them from the depot in San Francisco to the gates of San Quentin. Other cities of the state convicted their share: notably Oakland and Sacramento, but Los Angeles and Southern California furnished by far the greater portion of this special brand of California criminals. So far was heresy-hunting carried, under this law, that in Los Angeles the police arrested a newspaper reporter for engaging in a political discussion with two other men in Pershing Square; and that in Oakland a cultured woman, Charlotte Anita Whitney, the daughter of a former Supreme Court Justice of the state, who had devoted her whole life and her small fortune to succoring the unfortunate, was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years. Her conviction (sustained last week on technical grounds by the United States Supreme Court) occurred nearly two years after the end of the War, and the charge was not that she had committed some overt act, but merely had belonged at one time to the Communist Labor party of Oakland (defunct at the time of her trial) and participated in one of its meetings. Against few if any of those convicted were overt acts alleged; most of them were merely charged with membership in the I. W. W.

The conviction of Miss Whitney, and the sending of twenty-eight men from Los Angeles to San Quentin in one batch, were probably the most sen-

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sational of the state's achievements under the Criminal Syndicalism Act. But it was invoked freely, until juries began to show a disinclination to convict. Numerous disagreements and several acquittals indicated such a change in public sentiment that prosecutors lost confidence in juries. Therefore, they secured the notorious Busick Injunction, whereby all persons were enjoined from violating the Criminal Syndicalism Act. As membership in the I. W. W. constituted violation, any member of the I. W. W., no matter what his past or present conduct, could be haled before any superior judge and, without jury trial, and upon mere proof of membership in the organization, be sent to jail. Dozens of men were thus dealt with. Resort was had in several instances to the miserable business of arresting and convicting defense witnesses who, called to testify concerning the tenets of the organization, had to admit membership in order to establish the competence of their testimony.

Have these attempts to extirpate liberty succeeded? They have not; and although it is perhaps too early to speak finally, it can be said that the pendulum is well on the backward swing to sanity. There was always one oasis in the desert of hysteria and lawlessness: San Francisco. Heresy-hunting agencies never have thriven there; in most instances, they were never able to get a start. Its district attorney early announced his utter disbelief in the Criminal Syndicalism Law, and persistently refused to invoke it. San Francisco, to be sure, has been coerced at times into some measure of oppression. It has sinned at times in this direction on its own account. On the whole, however, and to its everlasting credit, it can be said that in San Francisco the spirit of liberty—the real California spirit—has found a safe abiding place. Now, even in other parts of the state, the reaction has set in. California is back-tracking to liberty. Here is proof:

In Los Angeles and other portions of Southern California, scarcely a day passed, during the years immediately following the War, without Klan activities—tar-and-feather parties, raids, brawls, brutal assaults, even murders. Now, for at least two years, not a murmur has been heard of or from the Klan; it has collapsed.

For two or three years after the War, the American Legion in California, especially in and around Los Angeles, stuck its oar into everything. It was the self-constituted censor of the press, the pulpit, the theater. It undertook to direct the whole educational system and machinery of the state. It stormed newspaper plants, mobbed theaters, estopped or broke up meetings, and in every way sought to be the real government of the state. What of it now? It has a paper membership of considerable size. It holds conventions and elects officers. By and large, however, it exerts no influence. It has lapsed into innocuous desuetude.

I do not recall whether the genesis of the Better America Federation came during or immediately following the War. In any event, it issued full-panoplied out of the fecund womb of Los Angeles, and for several years was the super-guardian of public opinion and morals, and the chief unofficial heresy-hunting agency in the republic. Scaring open the purses of the rich with lurid tales of impending bolshevist overthrow of the government, it hired agents to rove the state and report every evidence of independence in word or deed; even sending its spies into the public schools to carry to the authorities the utterances of mere children, and maintaining paid agents at the state capital to prevent repeal of oppressive legislation and procure, if possible, more of the same kind. For years it made life miserable for decent Californians. But now it is down in bed with progressive anemia. The pumped-up bolshevist menace having collapsed of its own weight, the rich are no longer scared, and the B. A. F., shy of funds, seems about to die the death.

With these three great heresy-hunting and super-governmental agencies in a state of quiescence, California public opinion is being allowed, with only slight interference, to create its own grooves in which to run. The result is that saneness is again manifesting itself. Even in Los Angeles, Upton Sinclair is allowed to go his way in peace, and a man can sit in Pershing Square in broad daylight reading this journal without being mobbed or yanked up by the police. The German language is again being taught in our schools, and German motion pictures are now being displayed without protest in our most imposing temples of cinemart. A Los Angeles jury refused to convict the actors in O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," and not a single newsdealer was prosecuted for selling the issue of The American Mercury containing "Hatrack." Through our spirited students, we can protest military training in our colleges without calling down more than an indignant editorial or two on our heads. We can discuss war guilt, the doings of the House of Morgan, the activities of the former Chief Snooper Extraordinary, honorable A. Mitch Palmer; the nervousness of Mister Kellogg, the bedtime stories of Mister Wilbur, the sweet do-nothingness of Mister Coolidge, without suffering punishment. We even question the divinity of the Anti-Saloon League and still go unlynched.

Nor is this all. Early in 1926, the belief that Miss Whitney was about to go to jail moved citizens, public organizations and newspapers all over the state to circulate and sign petitions for her pardon. In the extent of this movement, and particularly in the character of its participants, is found proof of California's repentant mood. Some of the most conservative newspapers in the state printed petitions in her behalf; and men in all walks of life, and of all shades of political opinion, both signed these petitions and made public statements protesting her imprisonment and the law under which she was convicted.

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Also, within the past year, an I. W. W. has been tried for murder and acquitted. This was Ford, who, with Suhr, was convicted in 1912 for complicity in a number of murders growing out of hop-field riots near Chico, California, and given life imprisonment. Last spring he was paroled, but immediately re-arrested—at the instance of the district attorney of Butte County, who happened to be the son of one of the men killed in 1912—and placed on trial for another murder growing out of the same affair. His protest that the county judge was prejudiced disqualified that judge; but lo, the man the governor sent to conduct the trial was the famous Busick of the Busick injunction. Despite this and the hostility of other county officials, Ford was pronounced innocent.

There is additional evidence supporting the conclusion that California is repentant. A thoroughgoing progressive is now governor, and the legislature is 80 percent progressive. At the last election, Judge Busick was defeated, as were also the district attorneys of Sacramento and Butte counties—officials who had been conspicuous in persecuting I. W. W.'s. Up in Humboldt County, the superior judge who gave a liberal newspaper editor such an excessive jail sentence on a contempt-of-court charge that most of the newspapers of the state protested it has been retired by the electorate. Charged with criminal libel because he had dared denounce the district attorney for methods employed in prohibition enforcement, the liberal editor published his side of the case, and for doing so was adjudged guilty of contempt and sentenced to serve one thousand days in jail. The editor's attorney, after exhausting all the regular legal remedies in futile attempts at relief, ran against the committing judge in the last election and defeated him handily.

Any of these things, standing alone, might not suffice to support my contention that California is gradually returning to sanity. But, taken together, they show, I believe, that liberty in California is not dead. Deep down in her heart, that state is ashamed and repentant.

DAVID WARREN RYDER.

Washington Notes

I SUPPOSE it is inevitable that, because of his manifold activities and for other reasons, his colleagues in the Cabinet should not love Herbert Hoover, who from time to time bulges into other departments than his own, and has views which command wide publicity, on subjects only dimly related to the Department of Commerce. I suppose that is inevitable; but at times the strength of the under-cover feeling against him is really surprising. It is, for example, no secret that the relations between Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Hoover, though outwardly impeccable, are anything but cordial and close. There are congenital differences—particularly the difference in their mental furniture—between the two, that make personal intimacy and understanding practically impossible. A number of incidents have also contributed toward a growth of unfriendliness which, while well concealed by the principals, is reflected in the private conversation of their subordinates and is pretty generally recognized here—though little hint of it gets into print.

If Mr. Kellogg were a larger man, there would be no feeling: but no one, so far as I know, ever contends that he is that sort. If he were more generously molded, what seems to him—and to other of his Cabinet colleagues—like intrusion upon the part of Mr. Hoover would appear what it really is—merely the unavoidable reflection of the size of the man, due to his experience and equipment in various fields. But, constituted as they are, Mr. Kellogg and the others have a disposition to ascribe to the unfortunate Hoover, every time he opens his mouth, more or less sinister and selfish motives, which he does not in fact entertain.

I pity the poor man—covertly slapped by the noble Calvin, snarled at by Senators, and privately disparaged by other Cabinet members. The worst of it is, he is in a position where not only can he do nothing about it, but actually, to preserve his own dignity and keep from appearing piqued, he must hide every symptom of resentment, and must even eulogize his Chief. For a long time I have been expecting a statement from Mr. Hoover expressing his belief that Mr. Coolidge deserves renomination and reëlection. Soon or late it is bound to come. There is nothing else for him to do. But it will not be an altogether pleasant duty.

The relations between Hoover and Kellogg have not been improved by the recent Hoover speech in which he urged that, in the future, foreign loans be limited to those for productive purposes. This would mean a change in the State Department policy inaugurated by Hughes and followed by Kellogg, of having foreign loans by American bankers submitted for approval, but by no means limiting approval to those for productive purposes. Immediately after the Hoover speech, various enterprising correspondents rushed around to the State Department, there to be greeted with the statement that the Secretary of State was not in accord with the Hoover idea and that there would be no change in State Department policy. Unless I am misinformed, the Secretary of the Treasury's view on the foreign loan subject is even farther from the Hoover view than that of Mr. Kellogg. The august Andrew, I am told, takes, as usual, the view of the orthodox hard-boiled banker, and sees no reason for any restrictions whatever. Whether this correctly represents his feeling or not, it is as plain as can be that there is a rift on this subject in the Cabinet, the ramifications of which may be wide.

On the subject of the relations between Hoover and Kellogg, there is an interesting piece of gossip floating about Washington, that may or may not be true. It is connected with the impenetrable mystery of those famous official documents of the State Department, that somehow or some way fell into the hands of Calles and created such a stir for some days. No one, so far as I know, has ever yet secured verification of the supposed contents of these documents.

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Nor has anyone outside of the State Department ever solved the puzzle as to what actually happened. It is equally impossible to verify the gossip as I get it, but the story is that Mr. Kellogg got it into his head that Mr. Hoover was mixing in the Mexican situation, and that the presence of his close friend, George Barr Baker, in Mexico gave him a private source of information and tended to reflect on the Secretary of State. It is said that Mr. Kellogg expressed his resentment—some say, in one of the letters that fell into Calles' hands, others, in another way. In any event, the report around town is that Hoover was severely criticized by Kellogg in a confidential letter, that Hoover heard about it, and not being at all responsible for Mr. Baker's visit to Mexico—which, as I get it, was partly on oil business and partly for a Curtis newspaper—he was properly indignant. Whether he did anything about it or not, I do not know; and, as I have said, it is impossible to verify any part of the story. It is obviously the sort of thing that both sides would be vitally interested in keeping quiet and which, if true, would have to be denied by those who know the facts.

It is, however, typical of the kind of tale that circulates in Washington, and significant of the harmony existing in the Coolidge Cabinet. Denials of this, that and the other are the chief characteristic of the output of the State Department these days; and the newspapers, if they were to print this Hoover-Kellogg story, would certainly get the flattest sort of denial from the State Department. But when I recall Mr. Kellogg's really shocking denial, a few days ago, that the threat of force had been used against the Nicaraguan Liberals, I am prepared for almost anything in the shape of repudiation or contradiction. How he ever got by with that denial, with the facts so open and indisputable, is beyond me. That was about the limit.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A Scent

Be you shepherd with your sheep,
Or a bishop with a hood
As scarlet as the haws
In a tumbling wood,

There will come to you a thing—
And come to you it must—
That will cast you down, down,
As low as the dust.

An odor will go by,
Of satiny pears that drop
Behind a cracked high wall,
To be sold in a shop;

Or of the wild mint flower,
Sharp honey and to spare;
Or the billow of gay skirts
Down a vanished stair.

It will cast you down, down,
In a sudden rout;
Be you shepherd, be you priest,
It will tear your heart out.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE.

Dry Points of Actors

E— is one of a number of young American actors who have had a bad turn done them by Mr. Glenn Hunter. What happens is this: they watch Mr. Glenn Hunter on the stage; he is good, he has a large following, he seems always natural; they have a theory of acting which takes it as a process of putting yourself in the character's place and then acting what you feel; Mr. Hunter seems to them just himself feeling with the character. The problem for E— and his like, then, becomes, to their minds at least, one of being themselves. They are to be dear, natural boys. This is what E— tries for on the stage. He talks without enunciation, puts his hands nervously in and out of his pockets or wherever they will go. He says his speeches in the most natural way he can think of, haltingly and uncertainly, with touching little inhibitions and pausings. He takes the incidents as he thinks he would take them in life, nothing more; any scene that he must carry dies on his hands.

What E— does not understand about Mr. Glenn Hunter is that Mr. Hunter's excellence consists in the fact that he is entirely an actor when he is on the stage. His physical equipment is to the last degree limited; he has a bad figure, a small voice badly placed and nasal, poor English diction, poor movement and gesture, and a mask of only moderate good looks. It is his use of these that shows his genius. He makes the *gauche* figure, the hesitant speech, the uncertain vocal tone all count in his effect, he converts his limitations into their due pathos. He has a fine time sense, an unerring instinct for stage business, and his projection of his effects is always sure, his audience gets every point. All this throws E— off his track, because he does not know what acting is and because he has the notion that he himself is interesting. He is a tall, dark young man with empty eyes and a good profile. Now and then people who see him for the first time think him a coming actor; some of them, when they see him again missing the second role in the same way he missed the first, perceive that he is no actor at all.

GORDON GORDON

I always think of this actor as Gordon Gordon, though that is not his name. He is the male lead in many a sound, middle-class play of brave events and right sentiment.

He is a long-waisted young man of thirty, with good shoulders and chest and a good flat back, and legs that are too short. He has a mouth like Washington's portraits and eyes rather far apart, which gives him a kind of Colonial, virtuous look. This he heightens with a ruddy, out-of-door make-up. His general air is placid, though at intervals he is manly or gentle. He gives you a picture of himself that suggests constancy and health. He makes the audience quite tired, really, but at the same time bluffs them with this effect of self-control and morality, from which their minds and natural wits, intimidated and confused with the popular platitudes that they are flooded with and find it easier to accept, are unable to defend them. It is largely instinctive with Gordon, but there is something delightfully ironical about the way he holds the public up with their own pet virtues; they could hardly desert, at this

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day and time, self-control, health, good teeth, service and sexual morality, and so they are forced to swallow Gordon.

Tweeds suit him best and careless good woolens. He does so little acting that the simplest honest democrat in the audience could not accuse him of artificiality. As a leading man he never lacks offers from producers; he gets a salary of six hundred a week.

H—

It is plain that H— will never be a child of the theater, never be a gypsy in the old sense that Trelawney of the Wells would have understood. H— will never belong to the stage world. To be that means that you live in the theater; you cannot keep away from it. When you are playing and at the theater every night, the rest of your day is empty or is spent gossiping about actors, managers, plays, stage dirt, stage dreams; only the evening counts, when you see the footlights and have grease paint on your face, and those two or three hours afterward, perhaps, when the excitement is still on you, the eyes of the audience still looking into your breast where the heart beats faster for them. You are happy and at ease only when you are in the warm flow that is between people of the theater, and when you live in the midst of all those shocks and explosions, those tragedies and keen, too-soon-forgotten crises, those high-colored relationships and ruthless conflicts that stage life affords. Your notions of success and failure in life, of romance, of your own ego, of everything, turn on stage experiences and stage history; and Hecuba is all in all to you, because you throw yourself into Hecuba, because you are an actor born. You are born in a special and dramatic hour, and, when you die, no grave before has ever yawned so wide or been so deep.

What is it, then, that H— has, since she is not a born child of the theater, that makes her such a promise, and makes one feel that one day, perhaps, she may have at least some of the elements of the great Duse? It is plain that if she ever arrives she will be a greater artist than actor, which means that she will be rather a source of understanding and conceptions than a model of the acting craft. The theater will know this, it will admit her but resent her, and will make her pay. She is not a born mimic, she has not that basic desire toward exhibitionism that is the center of an actor's being. Then what? She has excitability, nerves that respond to any emotion quickly. She can take an emotion at the top, can change on a suggestion easily. These are things of the surface, like the qualities of a piano or the supple body of a trapeze performer, but by these she can express what she feels. By these she brings into acting what she is as a human being and as an artist.

As an artist, over and above being an actor, her most beautiful quality is the pity and love in her heart, and her wish that you may have your own soul. Her heedlessness and single-mindedness are nothing when you think of that; she is single-minded at times, and if she goes on acting she will be more and more absorbed, like a prima donna. But this desire toward pity and the right of every soul within itself will be what gives the divine quality to her art. Her respect for the soul of the character she plays will give it all its truth and her gentle love will give it all its music.

Herb

When there is to be a try-out for parts in any manager's office, along at the beginning of the season, Herbert is always on hand. The other actors call him Herb; they all know him. In the ante-room to the office you can hear him; his voice is old-school, far below the belt, and saws and snorts and roars across the other voices in the room. Managers are impressed with Herb; he seems to them a fine choice for fathers and guardians, ripe characters; he suggests a kind of pluperfect tense of procreation; they are impressed with that voice that seems to come from down between his knees, like the voice of a sepulchral bull. They are persuaded to try him, though they all know the chance they run of his dropping out of rehearsal by the end of the first week, when he has collapsed into an old-school drunk.

Stark Young.

Transatlantic

The following article was written the day before Lindbergh left on his successful flight. Among the other things accomplished by his triumph was the withdrawal of the Bellanca plane about which the commercial bickerings centered, leaving the issue cleanly drawn between the adventurous and the scientific. Everything about Lindbergh is decorous and simple; his departure, flight, and arrival were all marked by the absence of all gestures and by a peculiar honesty of expression. For thirty hours he held the imagination of the world captive and gave it, at the end, a moment of unparalleled elation. As science, the flight may have proved very little; humanly speaking, the flight itself was a demonstration of noble qualities, and the universal response to it entitles the human race to at least a good mark.

NERVES and a little nastiness have crept into the arrangements for the transatlantic flight; there have been quarrels between pilots and backers, an ignoble sharing of prize money before it has been won, disagreements about the route to be taken; the radio equipment, which in one plane is a factor of safety, is in another only a means to make money from a news syndicate; there seems to have been some question whether, in case of death, the wives of the fliers should be cared for by the backers.

It would be pitiful if this were all we had to show against the recklessness and the courage of Nungesser and Coli. Fortunately it is not. Almost all the difficulties are connected with the Bellanca plane; the Fokker America stands out as a triumph of massive engineering, lacking romance, but satisfactory in all respects; and last week there appeared from the West, in two gigantic strides from San Diego to Curtiss Field, a wild unknown who restored to transatlantic flying the daredevil spirit and the elation of a Hawker. Without this man, Lindbergh, the prospect would be dreary; it would be hard to take great satisfaction out of success, and failure would only be depressing, not tragic. Lindbergh, as the crowds see him, through the newspapers or tinkering with his machine, is the true adventurer, unsentimental and solitary, a Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett of the air. He flies alone, and his Ryan plane is so built that he cannot see directly, but has to use a periscope. For

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twenty-four hours or more he expects to face the instruments in the cockpit, and he is quite sure that he will keep awake. When reporters asked him whether he would take coffee along, he replied that he didn't like coffee. His mother came to see him, but did not stay for the take-off, as she had other affairs in hand. The crowd, knowing that Lindbergh has made four forced descents in a parachute, crushes round him to touch him "for luck"—their luck rather than his.

It is quite possible that the triple-engined America, with a crew of three and a supremely accurate equipment, has the best chance of the three planes. It is, at the same time, the plane most fully prepared for accident, with two rafts, radio, signal flares, rations—some of which may have to be discarded if the plane refuses to rise. Whatever is available of the science of aeronautics has been used; and for that reason the success of the America will be more important, in its bearing on future flying, than the success of a lone ranger like Lindbergh. The Atlantic has been crossed before; what remains now is to make the terms of the crossing clear. The efforts of Commander Byrd will lack all the elements of the spectacular, but if he succeeds we shall know much more than we know now; and we shall be able to guess, with some accuracy, how and when transatlantic flying will become a regular and practicable thing.

It is, therefore, a little silly to root like a schoolboy for Lindbergh. The mechanism of flying, like any other mechanism, has to perfect itself, and the delicate instruments, the monster engines, are far more typical of the machine age than any bravado. Lindbergh has the human touch, the faculty of touching the imagination; but the rough-rider is outmoded, and we are all mechanics now.

To reach the flying fields on Long Island you pass through one of the dreariest reaches of American scenery. The vast railroad sidings which serve manufacturers of disinfectants and motor accessories are not beautiful, but they lack the dullness, the almost deliberate ugliness, which follow them in street after street of dull-colored, characterless bungalows. The success of a development seems to be measured by the number of identical houses it can show, and here the two- and three-story bungalows proceed for blocks, looking like barracks or bath-houses. The sameness, if they had any charm, would be bad enough, but this is a tasteless monotony; the houses have not been built, but produced; not imagined, not constructed, but run up. You pass them and suddenly the air becomes alive with planes. Your heart leaps up.

There is nothing pretty about the flying fields; the ground is torn, the grass untrimmed. But the shapely planes rest lightly upon it, and their gaily colored bodies have grace and seem always alive. They all seem incredibly fragile, and the mechanics, tuning them up, step gingerly on the slight footholds which have been reinforced to bear weight. As you stand, fascinated, there is a whirr behind your shoulder and a great plane swoops down at an angle over your head, and taxies gently to a standstill. The Bellanca, with a preliminary roar of her engine, without fuss or bother, takes off; a moment later, with as little preparation as starting a motor car, a news-reel plane follows; the grass blows backward as the planes start their run, you look elsewhere for a moment, and the two planes are specks in the distance. One turns and the sun catches a varnished facet of the wing, which flames like a window in the setting sun.

It is all extremely matter-of-fact, the combination of a given number of items of mechanical skill gives flight as a result. But flight itself remains inexpressibly thrilling, and every movement of the planes is full of grace. Until the moment of rising, it seems impossible that a plane should leave the ground, yet when it does rise, nothing seems more natural than its movement through the air. Even on the long, rather dull trip across the English Channel you feel that equivocal sense of strangeness and rightness in the aeroplane, the sensation that you are not yet prepared to fly, but find it natural to be flying. The plane takes hold of your imagination; I have never seen one rise without wishing I were part of it.

No matter how precisely you reduce it to powers and resisted strains, to adjustments and mechanics, the aeroplane remains a thing created, because it was imagined first, then brought into being. At Curtiss Field there are half a dozen orange-colored planes, all exactly alike, and all beautiful, more beautiful than the unique America. These planes are used for passenger flights; they are the commerce of the field, not its romance. Yet there is no ugliness, no monotony, no grasping. They represent one of the ideals toward which commercialism and industry and mechanical progress can move; they are a triumph of applied science and a triumph of the human spirit at the same time.

Watching them, you can forget mean streets and mean bickerings. Here is something better than machinery and better than man. Your eyes turn again to Lindbergh, the man who seems to pilot his plane as a rider his horse, identifying himself with its movements, in a sort of good-humored ecstasy. Hardness and ease, delicacy and superb control are in the combination. It is natural to long for his success, since you would share in it, with everything you have that is creative and aspiring.

GILBERT SELDES.

A New York Diary

IT is a pity that Samuel Butler did not live long enough to use the new electric elevators which have just been installed in a few New York skyscrapers. The intelligence of the machine is so much superior to that of the human beings who use it, and the machine imposes its will so definitely, that every proposition in "Erewhon" is proved. You enter a superb fumed-oak room and announce your floor; as the button is pressed, the doors close, the room mounts, and a moment later comes flush with the floor of your destination, the doors automatically opening for your departure. What is more, if someone presses the button at a floor on your route, the elevator stops there, the doors automatically open, and a signal warns you that this is not your floor, giving the correct number. You may wish to pass the floor without responding, but the machine has other intentions. As for superior intelligence, it is a psychological commonplace that men and women are at their worst in elevators, and when the man calls for floors, if you say "seven," someone is certain to cry out "twenty-two" in an angry voice and to look rather annoyed when seven precedes twenty-two. In the new elevators the mechanization of mankind proceeds beautifully. The head-starter does not look at the cars at

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all; he turns his back on them and follows a complicated system of lights on a board.

There ought to be one of these elevators at the Machine-Age Exposition which the intelligent and tireless Jane Heap has arranged at 119 West Fifty-seventh Street. The purpose of the exposition is to bring together models, pictures, and examples of architecture, engineering, industrial arts, and modern art, to show their inter-relation and inter-influence; it is an ambitious scheme and although the exhibits are not numerous enough, it succeeds. Hugh Ferriss' glass skyscraper is the featured item, a luminous cylinder which looks extremely practical; it faces a meat-slicer and a stripped radio which are almost as exciting. There are two panels of photographs by Steiner which are exquisite; he has a greater clarity than Sheeler, and as good a sense of the dramatic pictorial composition. There are huge valves and oil separators, and burnished copper figures by Archipenko, a lovely set of chessmen by Man Ray, an exquisite model of an airplane, a real machine gun, a piano hammer, a Demuth painting and photographs, from Russia and Belgium and Poland, of extraordinary shops and houses. The exhibit is not homogeneous, but certain elements in it hang together and nothing has been admitted which is not specifically related to the machine or is not definitely influenced by it.

There are no bad days in the movies. When the pictures themselves lack interest, the spoken words of the producers are always entertaining. From two newspapers of the same date we discover, first, that "Spread Eagle" has been banned from the screen, and second, that Mr. Lasky has promised his faithful subscribers not to send them any more films made for critical approval. Hereafter, the approval of the public, not of the highbrows, will be sought.

"Spread Eagle" is a play in which an unscrupulous financier finances a revolution in Mexico and tosses the son of an American ex-President in front of its wheels to make sure of American intervention. The love interest is almost lacking; sexually, the play is pure. If the Hays organization has warned the producers off, it is the first notable case of political censorship; there was a moral question, i. e., a question of sex, in "What Price Glory?" which was not, after all, banned, since it could be made into a film not disruptive of political loyalty. "Spread Eagle" has a single point of attack, and it would be interesting to have a definite statement from Mr. Hays concerning it. The trouble with the present self-censorship of the movies is that it is so secretive and so self-contained. If a police official barred the film, there might be no redress, but at least a suit at law would bring publicity to bear on motives. As it is, it is quite possible that Mr. Hays sent out no printed statement, signed no ukase, and succeeded, nevertheless, in letting it be known that "Spread Eagle" would not do. And if a producer outside the Hays organization were to try it, the distributors would hold off for fear of organized punishment.

As for Mr. Lasky, what he means is a little dubious. Mr. Robert Sherwood, who quotes Mr. Lasky's statement in the New York Evening Post, is inclined to mock the producer of so many inartistic and dollar-catching films; we were under the impression that most of the newspaper critics of the movies are definitely not intellectuals, and certainly without any esthetic standards. (Mr. Sherwood, to make it clear, is one of the exceptions.) Fans read the reviews, but we supposed that producers did not, since they are always pretty busy with box-office statements. The critics have helped to keep alive "Stark Love," "The Last Laugh" and "Metropolis"; they have boosted "The King of Kings" and "Chang," one of the worst and one of the best films ever made; we do not know what effect they have had on the drawing powers of Gloria Swanson and Clara Bow. Apparently the distributors have been misled by reports of New York successes and have booked a few of the good films; it is said they express themselves pretty clearly when a film fails. Mr. Lasky's apology and promise of good behavior are the result, and we may expect to see the largest manufacturer of films go through an entire year without offending bad taste again. Mr. Owen Davis is now one of the guiding spirits of Famous Players-Lasky, and Mr. William Le Baron, who was always skeptical of the success of a good film, but liked to take a chance, has left the organization to join that of which Mr. Cecil DeMille is the effective head.

CORRESPONDENCE

The War Debt Psychosis

SIR: The current revamping of the war-debt question in America apparently represents something like a conviction of sin on the part of American liberals. If one may follow the psychologists in regarding this particular psychosis as the outcome of a frustration of certain impulses wholesome enough in themselves, a word of redirection may be in season. The present preoccupation seems to have followed on an acute realization of the anti-American sentiment in Europe. But to attribute this sentiment simply to the debt settlements is a mistake. Much of it is due to the inevitable contrast between American prosperity and European stringency; and a good deal to the American tariff policy. This latter strengthens the conviction, latent in France ever since the failure of the Anglo-American guarantee in 1919, that this country is standing pat on her dues while refusing to join in any coöperative solution of European difficulties. It must be remembered that the solution of the French budget problem has been aided by an avowed effort to avoid further recourse to America—a very salutary effort, of course: but, having achieved it, there is a general and natural disposition to lift the derby hat off the trumpet where it has been resting for years—the tune is nothing new.

As is emphasized in the New Republic editorial for March 30, the American indictment of the ethical basis of the debts finds little support in the utterances of the Allies themselves. Further, and in partial reply to Mr. Alvin Johnson's letter of April 13, a distinction between the purposes of the various incurments has not been welcomed by Britain. It may be added that the vague sentiment one often encounters in America to the effect that cancelation is somehow due as a sort of atonement for the failure of this country to enter the War sooner would also find little support among European observers thoroughly acquainted with the facts. If, however, we are to debate the general question of equity, it is relevant to recall that the reason for the readiness of the Allies to enter on huge commitments was that they expected to enrich themselves by victory to a degree that would make the repayment a mere bagatelle. However disinterestedly they entered the War,

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by 1917 they were fighting for huge material stakes, of which the secret treaties are the record; and these objects were in fact largely attained, under various disguises, in spite of Wilson and the League. Against the Allied obligations, we may fairly put in the scale the vast accessions of territory that passed under British and French control—all the German colonies and protectorates, the rich lands of Mesopotamia and the Middle East, the trade and strategic centers of the Orient. We must remember the recarving of European frontiers in defiance of the principles both of economics and nationality, in favor of France and Italy. We must recall the comedy of greed played out at the expense of Greece in Asia Minor. We must allow something for the destruction of England's greatest naval rival, the looting of the German mercantile marine, the deliberate crippling of Germany as a competitor in trade and industry, the extension of the British control of the world's raw materials. All these things represent, and were meant to represent, tangible returns on the capital borrowed; and if their immediate cash value was overrated in the struggle to seize them, that is no reason for the cancelation of the loans that made them possible.

The outlook would be more reassuring if it were certain that Europe had returned to the mood of sanity and coöperation; but, while there is progress, the skies are still far from clear. We do not need the rejection of the Coolidge disarmament proposal to remind us of what the French still mean by "security." It is a sobering fact that the standing armies of France, Britain and Italy are still within 30 percent of the strength immediately preceding the War. Mussolini says frankly that the Italian army is to be expanded as soon as circumstances permit. The French reduction is largely camouflage—the professional nucleus is actually increased by 40,000—and there is news that the High Command plans to spend seven billion francs on a new chain of forts on both the German and Italian frontiers. Despite Locarno, it was possible for the Belgian Foreign Minister to complain, less than two months ago, that "Belgium today lies completely open to invasion, and her situation is *very much more critical than in 1914.*" The dues to America are a small matter in comparison with the continued armament expenditures of the Allies: a reduction of one-fifteenth in those of Italy, one-fifth in those of France, and one-fourth in those of Britain, would release more than enough current revenue to meet the obligations without reckoning anything on reparations account. Under these circumstances, though the curb rein may chafe, it may also have its uses.

The only sure ground on which to base the discussion is the strictly economic one; and here a pivot in Mr. Johnson's argument needs tightening. "The volume of debt that would remain (after an impartial examination of the international account) would in every case, except that of England, exceed capacity to pay." On this it is to be observed, first, that current payments on the funding agreements are now being made, without budgetary disaster, by France and Italy as well as England. In view of the far larger cancelations involved in the two former agreements, and of the smaller proportions of current revenue required for American payment (England, 4 percent; France, 1.8 percent; Italy, 0.5 percent), it is not safe to assume that England's capacity is greater than that of the continental powers. Further, seeing that their obligations to Britain are larger in the immediate future than their obligations to America, and that Britain is committed by the Balfour note to passing on any relaxation in her terms from America to her own debtors, the case for revision of the British settlement is at least as strong as the rest—if there is any case at all. It must be added, however, that "capacity to pay," either singly or collectively, is not quite the clear objective principle it is frequently taken for. It is very largely contingent on the continued willingness of the American public to finance, for trade purposes, their government's debtors. The American business community is, in this respect, between the devil and the deep sea. A far safer policy, for the present, than debt reduction is tariff reduction—beginning here, so as to ease both the international credit position and the trade outlook. The tariff walls Europe is raising against this country, and the various European blocs against each other, are part of a vicious circle that can be breached only on this side of the Atlantic; and that assault is for the moment the only piece of practical politics that Americans can usefully sponsor.

Ultimately, the whole position will have to come before the League; and as an Englishman and a League-ite I venture to suggest to American liberals that that, rather than any other separate American venture, is the natural seat of a conference on this matter. The conclusion of the first full year of the Dawes Plan will possibly provide an occasion; but before that time comes there is another matter to be prepared for consideration—namely, the Russian position. America was an active party to the blackest violation of international law and comity in the whole business: the post-armistice war on Russia. The Russian debts, and the just Russian counter-claims, must not be lost sight of, when the time for a final clearance comes; nor must the Allies be indefinitely allowed to use them as a pretext for the outlawry of Russia, which seems to be, so far, the one tangible result of the move toward the outlawry of war.

WILLIAM ORTON.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

A Catholic President?

SIR: The letter of B. R. J. in your issue of May 4 is replete with a good deal of stuff that is truly amusing. This Kansan appears to be obsessed with the idea that the Catholics form the pet aversion, as it were, of the Protestants. Al Smith, your correspondent contends, when President, would be influenced in all matters of administration and policy by his religion. Such a stand betrays an utter failure to grasp the forces that motivate political action, and the place of religion in the scheme of life.

If it were possible to imagine this country with all its Catholics barred from participation in governing it, and if a proposal were then made to give this class of people some voice in the government, it is conceivable how some timid souls might fear such action, because of the reputed religiosity of the Catholics. But when the glaring fact is that Catholics have held all available offices in the country, all save one, by what process of reasoning a Catholic may be held to be unfitted for that one can hardly be guessed at. And when it is considered that the man slated for that high office is one that has been a public servant of the finest caliber, commanding implicitly the confidence of the people of a great commonwealth, it is doubly surprising that he should be thought, by anyone, incapable of divorcing his religion from the duties of the office. The fact of the matter is that those opposing Al Smith as a presidential possibility are actuated by a variety of motives having no connection with religion or the lack of it, and that the cry of Catholicism is raised merely as a smoke-screen to minimize the extent of the favor and esteem with which Al Smith is held in every part of the country. The correspondent in question shows his card by appending to his letter: "Jim Reed——?" Let it be said for his information that Senator Reed, by becoming an instrument of a certain wily manufacturer of motor cars, has put himself out of the running, even if there was a vestige of chance for him to make a showing.

Al Smith is no super-man, nor above the frailties that all humans are heir to. But, as few men of this day, he has been able to attune himself with the innate desire of the people of this country for substantial justice and fairness in the administration of public affairs. If elected President, he would unquestionably give this country a clean, honorable and efficient government. His religion would have no more bearing upon his conduct of office, save as a faith in general may be held to render a man more responsive to his nobler impulses, than would his espousal, say, of the doctrine of determinism.

It is my deliberate judgment, after a careful review of the current political tendencies, that Al Smith of New York will be the Democratic nominee at the next national elections, and that on the Republican side the ticket will be headed by none other than Charles E. Hughes; and that the victory, in a close election, will go to the governor of the Empire state—unless, and this might be the only thing that could save the Republican party, Senator Borah should be made the Republican standard-bearer.

MANUEL MERZON.

Detroit, Michigan.

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To the Lighthouse

To the Lighthouse, by Virginia Woolf. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

PERHAPS we were all agreed, five years ago, when "Jacob's Room" was published, in thinking that Virginia Woolf's method drew to itself not more attention than it deserved, perhaps, yet somehow too much. It was adventurous and brave, but was it not also rather arbitrary, too distinguishable from the material she imposed it upon? Had it not a little the air of being, if only the operator's hand were as light and exact as her own, removable without injury to the rest of the book? Perhaps we really had such opinions as these in 1922, or perhaps we acquired them later, after "Mrs. Dalloway" had opened our eyes, had shown us an achieved harmony with which to contrast the tentativeness of "Jacob's Room," where Mrs. Woolf was still inventing her road away from "The Voyage Out."

One mark of this tentativeness was the presence of things which nobody in the book said or thought, but which the author said: "In short, the observer is choked with observations. Only, to prevent us from being submerged by chaos, nature and society between them have arranged a system of classification which is simplicity itself." Or again, after Mrs. Norman has been traveling to Cambridge in the same railway carriage with Jacob, whom she does not know: "But since, even at her age, she noted his indifference, presumably he was in some way or other—to her at least—nice, handsome, distinguished, well built, like her own boy? One must do the best one can with her report. . . . It is no use trying to sum people up. One must follow hints, not exactly what is said, nor yet entirely what is done. . . ." Yes, I can imagine that remarks like these, the author's thoughts spoken here and there all through "Jacob's Room," must have made me see Mrs. Woolf as still in search of her method. What I cannot understand is how they failed to convince me that whatever it might be it was not arbitrary. A wish to see people not as simplicity itself, a belief that they are other than what they say and what they do and what they perceive and want and think, surely her method grew naturally out of this belief and this wish, both of them passions.

Richard and Clarissa Dalloway make a brief appearance in "The Voyage Out." We spend a few days with them on board the Euphrosyne. Everything they do and say helps to define them. They were praised, quite rightly I think, as the most distinct persons in the book. One can imagine Mrs. Woolf coolly derisive of such praise, saying that this kind of distinctness was not what she was after, that to be praised for it was to be put on one's guard against an unlifelike simplicity. "When life sank down for a moment"—we have dipped into Mrs. Ramsay's stream of consciousness in "To the Lighthouse"—"the range of experience seemed limitless. And to everybody there was always this sense of unlimited resources, she supposed; one after another, she, Lily, Augustus Carmichael, must feel, our apparitions, the things you know us by, are simply childish. Beneath it is all dark, it is all spreading, it is unfathomably deep; but now and again we rise to the surface and that is what you see us by." Mrs. Woolf, who does not say this, who herself expresses no opinions in "To the Lighthouse," feels it more deeply, my guess would be, than she feels any other one truth that can be stated.

To create character against a background of conviction that character is unknowable, what a dangerous game! How it fascinates Mrs. Woolf, so coolly aware of all its dangers, and how beautifully she plays it! No, there are two dangers she has not noticed. She has not realized what may happen if she endows her people with too much intelligence, or if they are too perceptive of beauty. We may be more interested in their gifts than in themselves, in that queer, indefinable constituent of character which she thinks we have rated too high, and which we still insist upon having. In the novelist's art, we say to ourselves, there is still room for a rather humble likeness-catching faculty. There is still a sense in which to be both a poet and a thinker is disadvantageous to a creator of character. She may sacrifice her likeness-catching faculty to her belief that it is no use trying to sum people up. She may subordinate her sense of life to her sense of life's beauty. Our attention may move from her people to her poetry, or to her intelligence.

Some of the finest prose has been written by persons who saw and heard like poets, who never lost their respect for prose as a separate art, and who kept this tradition of separateness alive. Some of the loveliest sentences I know are in "Jacob's Room": "So, if the veiled lady stepped through the Courts of Trinity, she now drowsed once more, all her draperies about her, her head against a pillar." Or this: "Quiet at mid-day, except when the hunt scatters across it; quiet in the afternoon, save for the drifting sheep; at night the moor is perfectly quiet." Not quite this interest in the mere shape of a sentence appears anywhere in "To the Lighthouse," where no one sentence has this formal beauty. Perhaps Mrs. Woolf felt that the things I have just quoted might get more attention than she wished a reader to give them? However that may be, her latest prose is different. I think she has described it herself, not meaning to, with her eye on something else, in an earlier book: "But words have been used too often; touched and turned, and left exposed to the dust of the street. The words we seek hang close to the tree. We come down at dawn and find them sweet beneath the leaf." It is easy to find examples which justify this praise. Between the first part of "To the Lighthouse" and the last there is an interval of ten years. This second part, "Time Passes," describes the changes in a deserted house and garden, visited now and then by an ageing caretaker. Before the family have gone, before the ramshackle house is deserted, the winds enter it at night:

> So some random light directing them with its pale footfall upon stair and mat, from some uncovered star, or wandering ship, or the Lighthouse even, the little airs mounted the staircase and nosed round bedroom doors. But here surely, they must cease. Whatever else may perish and disappear, what lies here is steadfast. Here one might say to those sliding lights, those fumbling airs that breathe and bend over the bed itself, here you can neither touch nor destroy.

The whole of "Time Passes" is as beautiful as that. Even if one does not quite know why it is there, it is a thing to thank God for. So is "To the Lighthouse." One begins to read it eagerly, one is a little perplexed, one stumbles when the first half of an incident is separated from the second half by somebody's reverie or recollection, one wonders whether here there is not a bit of speech lost in the middle of a soliloquy. When Lily Briscoe says to herself that "there are moments when one can neither think nor feel" one would like to be shown such a restful moment. But these little worries do not matter. We forget our own stupidities in delighted contemplation of Virginia Woolf's intelligence and imagination at play, showing us, now through a man's eyes, now through a woman's, nature as nobody else sees it, people as nobody else sees them. We

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see, too, her most "created" character, the philosopher William Ramsay, we feel and respect his passionate pursuit of truth, we respect his need of praise, for she shows us that these are parts of the same thing. With Mr. Ramsay she has come nearer than ever before to making one of her creatures as interesting as their creator. P. L.

The Gang and the Modern World

The Gang, by Frederic M. Thrasher. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 571 pages. $3.

WHAT is called, in biology, ecology offers the proper perspective to the study of social behavior also. Unless we recognize the social setting of behavior, little adequate interpretation can be made either of individual conduct or of the larger social process. Miss Follett has emphasized this fact in her writings. Thomas and Park have done the same for the study of the immigrant, and Thomas, Healy and Miss Van Waters employ much the same approach in the study of the delinquent.

The present volume is a compact detailed analysis of the boy gang from this ecological standpoint. It attempts, without objectionable valuational preconceptions, to study the gang in its geographic and social setting. It avoids, at once, the older notion of Puffer that the gang is an example of the recapitulation of primitive forms of life, and the sentimental conception that the gang is the pure well-spring of all the higher virtues of citizenship, as portrayed in some of the earlier literature on boy life.

It is made clear at the outset that the gang takes on the nature of what Cooley long ago termed "the primary group." This is the elemental social configuration of which the family, the village neighborhood, and the play group are examples. The relations in these associations are distinctly personal and face-to-face in character. The primary group is the nursery of the fundamental attitudes which mark an individual for the balance of his life. The gang is simply a present-day form of this rudimentary type of social grouping. In our modern city life, it frequently replaces the older spontaneous play group of the village. It finds its easiest formation in what the author calls the interstitial areas of our great cities: along the railroad tracks, the canals and the docks. These are the regions marked by industrial locations. Along their present boundaries were often once fine residential districts, now given over to crowded immigrant slums, vice districts, and our disintegrated, transient neighborhoods. It is in these areas that boy gangs thrive.

The gangs take on a variety of forms. Some of them are more or less loosely organized around athletic activities. Some have a distinctive moral and socializing purpose. Others are concerned in furnishing more or less conventional amusements. But the majority of them, in our urban centers at least, easily drift into criminalistic habits, such as breaking into freight cars for merchandise, picking pockets and stealing from dealers in the street markets. Sometimes they take on even more violent criminal behavior: stealing automobiles, rum-running and indulging in burglaries on a large scale.

For the pre-adolescent and the adolescent boy, the gang has a great romantic appeal. It offers adventure and thrill in our otherwise highly standardized society. Moreover, it furnishes a fanciful pattern of life which often makes later adult adjustment extremely difficult.

One of the most significant aspects of Thrasher's study, however, is the clear evidence showing that boys' gangs are the natural breeding ground for the adult criminal who infests our modern world. As the author remarks:

> The continuity of life from the younger gangs to the older is so unbroken, the passage from one stage to the next is so gradual, that the serious crimes of young adult gangs can hardly be understood apart from their origins in adolescent groups. Most of the practices of the criminal gang are begun in fact or in principle among the boys. There is no break to mark the place where the adolescent gang leaves off and the adult gang begins. This is an important fact in explaining the criminal community and the development of the other phases of the gang problem, most of which have their genesis in younger gangs.

There is, moreover, a three-cornered connection here of utmost importance. This is the inter-relationship between the political organizations in our cities, the adult criminal activities and the boy gang life which is everywhere evident. Not only are older gangs recruited from the younger groups, but the feudal political organizations of our cities, which are in actual control, naturally form a social contact with both these groups. Thrasher indicates how politicians encourage the boy groups by subsidies in order to use them later as tools in their political machinations, just as he shows how the older criminal gangs draw their membership from the younger groups and how adult criminal groups support political organizations. Moreover, the political corruption of our criminal jurisprudence is so widespread that frequently any attempt to deal objectively even with the young delinquent, as with the adult criminal, meets with the fixer, the man "with the pull" or other means of enabling the boy to escape being dealt with at the hands of the organized state.

Another aspect of this matter is the effect of formal institutional correction upon members of youthful gangs. It is made clear, over and over again, that incarceration in correctional institutions of the traditional sort only enhances the prestige of the boy when he returns, as he usually does, to his gang. Present-day institutional care seldom retrieves the boy for normal society.

In truth, the gang and the delinquent person adhering thereto are the result of natural social forces. To treat the gang member as an isolated person, to compute his intelligence quotient, or to call him psychopathic, is to leave the full causation of his conduct untouched. This is merely a method of magically giving him high-sounding labels without actually revealing the mechanisms which lie behind his behavior. Only by realizing the cultural lag, to use Ogburn's term, which is omnipresent in our social process, only by studying the gang and its members in a complete social, economic, racial and cultural setting, only by understanding that personality is not something which grows up in a vacuum, but is really as much a social product as is an institution—only from these newer viewpoints can an adequate analysis of our criminal problem be made. So long as we deal with the individual delinquent, youth or adult, as if he were an isolated bit of data aside from the wider social process in which he participates, we are committing the same type of particularistic fallacy which has marked all our futile efforts to treat the economic, the political and the social order in terms of an individual dimension only. Until we recognize the importance of social groupings and cultural patterns, as well as of individual biological factors, we shall not arrive at an adequate science either of personality or of society. KIMBALL YOUNG.

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And the Red Gods Call for You

Orient Express, by John Dos Passos. New York: Harper and Brothers. 181 pages. $3.50.

OF travel books there is no end, but alas, there are no more Marco Polos, and few Stanleys, Doughtys and Sven Hedins. *Wagons-lits,* cross-sectioning desert wastes, are wiping out the sagas of explorers and driving the Olympians of our time to carve their heroic deeds in the air. John Dos Passos makes no unusual claim by ascending Everest or penetrating Tibet.

Constantinople, Trebizond, Batum, Tiflis, Alexandropol, Erivan, Teheran, Bagdad. All of these are as familiar as time-tables in the Grand Central to a public nourished on stories of war, famine, massacres and earthquakes. But John Dos Passos, poet, artist, author of "Three Soldiers," has caught trembling spiritual moods under the awareness of the surface, just as, in his water-colors, which are admirably reproduced in this book, he has concentrated the intensity of a moment of noon and liquid splashes of the spectrum in a mid-Eastern harbor. One feels incredibly close to the Constantinople beggar, "inconceivably old, gnarled like a dying plum tree," who asks for a drink of water and puts back the glass with a "gesture full of sceptered kings"; to the two old Turkish gentlemen with white turbans and white beards, who smoke their *narghiles* with philosophical unconcern for the inter-Allied buzz around them in the coffee-house; to the Sayyid, whose appetite for melons is undiminished by the fragrant evidences of pestilence and famine along the route.

The main drawback to the "Orient Express" is that the journey was undertaken in 1921, when the Caucasus was torn to shatters by the grim aftermath of war and the saber teeth of political wolves. Titled Russians no longer sell shoe-strings in the streets and dance in the cabarets of Constantinople. Batum, no longer a frightened, deserted city, is a comfortably thriving sea-port. The lands laid waste are being cultivated under more modern methods of agriculture. Starving, pot-bellied children seldom drag themselves to the edge of the railroad to look up in mute appeal to the well fed passengers. And I have been given to understand that N. E. R. workers no longer indulge in amazing bargains in all kinds of fabulous treasures from rubies to rugs. Perhaps the rubies and rugs are all gone now, just as their unfortunate original owners are undoubtedly dead. But the author is too sensitive to changing and permanent values to wander in a labyrinth of superficial reactions. On the one hand, he wonders why he wants to drag himself around the Orient, anyway, and registers scornful objection to "the romantic Morris Gest sort of Orient," a pretty fine "side-show" at that, he admits; but "it is in the West that blood flows hot and that the world is disorderly, romantic, that fantastic unexpected things happen." On the other hand, he grasps the new life of Turkey under the rotten framework shakily patched by European diplomats, who never seem to learn about clean beginnings; he hears the *mollah,* "with a voice like war-horns and kettle-drums" pray for the army in Anatolia; he is impressed with "the little people of Persia"—the little people of the rest of nearer Asia, in Afghanistan, Arabia and Turkey—doctors, *mollahs,* merchants, peasants, who cannot be bribed, and are learning that it is better to die than to be dominated by European nations.

E. W.

New Paths in Education

The Practice of Teaching in the Secondary School, by Henry C. Morrison. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 653 pages. $4.

IT is such a ponderous tome—and so positive—that "steam-rolling new paths in education" might be a better title for this review of Morrison's book. No title given to the review, however, could be more misleading than the title of the book itself. For that title would lead one to believe that the book deals almost exclusively with a description of the methods of teaching in high school, while, in reality, it is a new philosophy of education, and covers the field from the primary grades through the university. It concentrates largely, it is true, on "the secondary school"—but Morrison has a brand-new definition of that term, one which makes it include the child's life from the age of eight or nine to eighteen or nineteen, or ninety.

Age, time, have little to do with the period of "secondary education," says Morrison—this period is a state of being, a long interval between the learning of the tool subjects and the ability to study systematically and independently without the tutorial presence of the teacher. When the child has learned the three R's, when he can read and write without struggling with the mechanics of reading and writing, and can do simple figuring understandingly—and when he can get along with his classmates and the school—then, and not till then, regardless of age, he is ready for the "secondary school." And he remains in the secondary school until he "has become capable of pursuing self-dependent study" and "utilizes the instructor in the same sense in which he utilizes the library, the laboratory, the occasional public lecturer, the office consultant."

The secondary school does not teach subjects, but utilizes such elements as science, history, literature, and language to

> generate in the pupil a complete horizon of intelligent attitudes toward his world, of just standards of moral and esthetic values, of the special abilities required in his reactions to his physical and social surroundings. . . . It guides the individual into a succession of intellectual interests. . . . It develops in the pupil the ability to study. . . . It generates right attitudes toward conduct and sees to it that they become incorporated into the personality of the pupil.

These things can be accomplished, according to Morrison, through certain techniques, with which the book deals at length.

First we must establish a learning situation, in which practically all pupils are giving sustained attention to the task in hand. This is largely achieved through arousing a genuine interest in the subjects, but also through "training the pupil into the capacity of voluntary application to learning which is not in itself initially interesting."

Then we must use the "mastery formula"—"Pre-test, teach, test the result, adapt procedure, teach, and test again to the point of actual learning." By this means we can substitute "mastery" for "lesson performance." By "mastery" Morrison means a "biological adaptation" as definite as learning to swim; a learning so complete that it can never be forgotten.

There is something refreshing in Morrison's complete restating of educational procedure—his breaking down of traditional boundaries, his cutting of new pathways. The book is distinctly pioneering. And, like all pioneering efforts, it has its crudities. It is not well balanced in its

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structure: some matters are treated with weighty detail, others, even more basic in his philosophy—such as the measurement of "mastery"—are treated with vague sketchiness.

The great differences in capacity for learning, rates of learning, and special abilities, now known to exist among any normal group of children, are glossed over in a few sentences—largely ignored, apparently because the detailed technique, as Morrison presents it, requires teaching all children (except "problem cases") *en masse,* with the same methods, same curriculum, same time allotments, for all.

The book is amazingly devoid of scientific evidence for its claims, or of proposals for a scientific evaluation of the techniques described so minutely—this from the University of Chicago! It is the book of an able, widely experienced, thoughtful, dogmatic schoolmaster.

But perhaps all this is necessary in a first presentation of a new doctrine—certainly its 650 pages are sufficiently voluminous without adding scientific proofs or plans for investigating the validity of its claims! It was Colonel Parker—Morrison's first predecessor in the University of Chicago School of Education—who said, "Dare to be crude." It is a good and necessary motto for any pioneer.

The first hundred pages of the book will prove thought-provoking and well worth careful reading to any person—lay or professional—who is more than superficially interested in education. The balance of the book contains amplification of this first part, and a host of practical suggestions for school men and women—teachers and administrators of all grades, through college—for Morrison's definition of the secondary school, it must be remembered, includes some children now in the primary grades, and many, many students in our universities. CARLETON WASHBURNE.

Candidly Speaking

Returning to Emotion, by Maxwell Bodenheim. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

MR. BODENHEIM loves combat and controversy—we have his publisher's word for it—and in the preface to his new book of poems, "Returning to Emotion," he once more flings his hat into the ring. He entitles his preface "Candidly Speaking"; and, indeed, he is nothing if not candid. He attempts to refute or confuse those critics of his work who have complained of its emotional lack: first, by answering that there is no such thing, in poetry, as "unadulterated emotion"—which he maintains can hardly exist at all except in "gibberish," even if there—and, second, by asserting that in this new work he *does,* in a sense, return to emotion. He explains that what he means by this is that he has returned to his earlier manner, that of "Minna and Myself" and "Advice," in which "thought has been less confident in its questioning of feeling, and emotion often has been allowed to invade the colder processes of the mind." It would perhaps be a little invidious to ask Mr. Bodenheim whether he further means by this that he deliberately, thus, takes a step backward and downward toward gibberish? This is in line with the theory, recently advanced by M. Cammaerts, that nonsense poetry is possibly poetry at its purest; but to recall that in this connection may be a shade ungracious. Anyway, whatever Mr. Bodenheim's views about his own work may be, the fact remains that his new poems are as far as ever from the "gibberish" or nonsense or ultra-violet end of the poetic spectrum. There is not, and never has been, much of the "Kubla Khan" or "Bateau Ivre" or "Who Said Peacock Pie?" note in his poetry; it is almost always at the other end of the scale. Consciously or not, his approach to the writing of verse is studiously cerebral. His poems frequently testify to the fact that he has had, and that he is capable of, emotions; but they are almost never a direct *expression* of emotions. Rather, they are an analytic recollection of such states of mind; and the effect, in the hands of the curious word-lover that Mr. Bodenheim is, is odd and individual and not infrequently pleasing. In his simpler and less pretentious things, when he merely indulges his fancy, as in "Chinese Gifts," he can be charming. Here the verbalist and the cerebralist momentarily surrender, the colder processes are in abeyance, and the result is a poetry slight but fragrant. But for the rest, one finds Mr. Bodenheim a little bit wordy and prosy. One feels that he works too hard and plays too little; or that when he plays, he plays too solemnly and heavily. He piles up his precious dissections; he piles up his too-conscious metaphors; he piles up his involved and over-descriptive sentences, his flat-rhythmed lines; and while one feels the real individuality in his work, one is, on the whole, balked and wearied by it when one receives it *en masse.* One suspects that Mr. Bodenheim somewhat wilfully suspends his sense of effect. Might he not do better if he went further toward analytic prose, on the one hand, or toward "gibberish," on the other? CONRAD AIKEN.

"Be with Me, Beauty"

The Spirit and Substance of Art, by Louis W. Flaccus. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. 424 pages. $3.50.

WHO that "has looked on Beauty bare" has been able to communicate the essence of the white vision? Seldom, indeed, the esthetician, whose definition of what is beautiful has not yet been fixed. The discrepancy between the common use of the term, as the pleasing, and the stricter use, as the effective, in art, Professor Flaccus recognizes. His concern is chiefly with the effective aspects of art, although in the chapter on the beautiful as an esthetic type, he reverts to the looser meaning. To the ever unquiet question of esthetics—changing as we must constantly extend our criteria to admit new concepts of both the harmonious and the effective—Professor Flaccus brings a mind stored with the researches of others and a spirit of investigation which leads him to draw freshly upon individual works of art as they impinge upon his consciousness. His method is both eclectic and empirical. Thus, he proposes an esthetic which embraces the philosophical, common-sense, cultural, and experimental methods, and acknowledges utility, sex, and the impulses of adornment, imitation, and self-expression as forces in artistic creation. More empirical are his analyses of the several arts and of esthetic types—the beautiful, the characteristic, the sublime, the tragic, and the comic. These chapters are studded with examples chosen with catholic taste, for Professor Flaccus appreciates Sandburg as well as Sappho, Rodin as well as Scopas.

The chapters on naturalism and idealism, classicism and romanticism, expressionism and other 'isms, are clear-cut, but add little to what has been said before. Tradition and revolt and the relation of art to life are treated with a summariness which the dictates of space no doubt impose. Certainly a volume of this scope cannot hope to be conclusive but only provocative. The chapter on music, contributed by Paul Krummeich, acknowledges in these matters a mystery beyond which appreciation must be taken on faith, but the modern, scientifically minded student of esthetics, calling to his aid biology, anthropology, and psychology, refuses to be stopped by a veil. ROSE MARY FISCHKIN.

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Recent Fiction

Mr. Fortune's Maggot, by Sylvia Townsend Warner. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

REVOLT is Miss Warner's chosen theme, revolt not of the flesh but of the spirit. Last year, "Lolly Willowes" delighted us by spurning the protected life of the well connected maiden lady, and going on her own. Now Miss Warner has transposed the theme into the male key. Timothy Fortune is a Lolly Willowes of the other sex, mild, sweet, affectionate but indomitable in his search for freedom. From the provincial town where he was bank clerk to the South Seas he goes by the missionary route, and there, alone on an island except for natives, he completes his emancipation. Lolly Willowes joining the witches' Sabbath and Timothy Fortune carving an idol for his single convert are of the same pattern. And the style is the same, disarmingly naïve, delicately malicious. Only the coloring is changed from temperate to tropic. R. M. L.

Mattock, by James Stevens. New York; Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AFTER spending the greater part of his life as a sawmill hand, a mule-skinner or a hobo, Mr. Stevens' gifts for story-telling (developed in the deacon-seat at Paul Bunyan's time), at last forced him into the brotherhood of the white collar, where he belongs, but where he does not feel at home. He is an intellectual; he uses, naturally and easily, the mental idiom of intellectuals. But as he talks, he keeps reminding us of his past, pointing to it, as it hangs there on the wall like the diploma of some university, and saying, under his breath, "My collar looks smooth, but my neck is rough." "Mattock" suffers, as did "Brawnyman," from the consciousness of this duality, and from the straining to express hardness in terms which will be fully appreciated by soft people. Since its author quite obviously never decided what sort of a book it was going to be, it is many sorts of a book all at once. It is in turn autobiographical, make-believe, heroic, farcical, literal, satirical. Written in any one of these veins, if Mr. Stevens had stuck to it, the book might have rung true, but his vacillation makes the autobiographical seem unreal, the make-believe elephantine, the heroic forced, and the farcical little better than comic strip. And yet back of this jumble one catches sight of a man with real ability and something to say, if only he would decide exactly what it is. R. L.

The Old Countess, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

MISS SEDGWICK swings her pendulum boldly and deliberately to the sharpest of contrasts. Alongside the French *jeune fille* she now places an old woman of eighty, the battered derelict of a brilliant youth, impoverished, *déclassée*. With strokes of amazing vigor and accuracy, the old scarecrow, just lapsing into a bitter senility, is galvanized into a final catastrophic burst of passion by the appearance of a young English artist in the little town of Buissac, to which she has drifted to pass the sad remnant of her days. For the fidelity and insight with which this extraordinary figure is drawn, one feels a profound admiration. If Miss Sedgwick could have accomplished the well-nigh unaccomplishable task of building her story solidly around this old woman, it would have been an unassailable achievement. But she has refused to accept the limitations which such a treatment would have entailed, and has chosen to rest her story upon the relations of three other people—the man, his wife and a third woman. And in the attempted interweaving of the destinies of these three, one finds, as it were, a different fabric. There is much that is charming, much even that is moving, but one seems to be struggling with a sentimentalized arrangement of puppets in a shadow drama, and though the story moves with honesty to a tragic ending, it lacks the stark reality of the harpy-like figure which dominated the first third of it and was then thrust into the background. E. B. H.

Pretty Creatures, by William Gerhardi. New York: Duffield and Company. $2.

MR. GERHARDI has the greatest admiration for Chekhov, and in most of these stories there are visible traces of his master's earliest manner—a trivial, farcical, tired manner which Chekhov fortunately outgrew very quickly, but into which Mr. Gerhardi has only sunk deeper and deeper. "Futility"—Mr. Gerhardi's first book—was amusing, shallow burlesque; "Pretty Creatures" is even shallower, but not so amusing. A shallowness without gaiety: there peers out from behind the easy, clever words something that is at times heartless and at others merely gross. As if aware that his circus mood was not making people laugh, Mr. Gerhardi tries to justify it by turning it into something else, by trying to ennoble it with a violent admixture of ironic melancholy. But the resulting laboratory Chekhov, three parts horseplay to two of tears, with a dash of arsenic and a pretentious label, is plainly imitative, bootleg stuff, chemically harmless, but humanly unpalatable. R. L.

Adam in Moonshine, by J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE English critic, turned novelist at last, concerns himself rather surprisingly with a house-party of gay conspirators in Scotland who are bent on restoring a new pretender to the throne. Mr. Priestley succeeds moderately well in creating the desired atmosphere of moonlight and poetic foolery. He seems unable to decide whether the book shall be humor or romance, with the result that the full flavor of both is lacking. In justice, however, "Adam in Moonshine" is written with charm and will linger pleasantly, if very briefly, in the memory. E. H. W.

Contributions

H. N. BRAILSFORD, the English publicist, is the author of "Across the Border," "Russian Impressions," and many other books. He has just returned from another visit to Russia.

DAVID WARREN RYDER is a free-lance contributor to magazines, who lives in San Francisco.

ABRAHAM EPSTEIN was until recently Research Director of the Old-Age Pension Commission of Pennsylvania.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE is the author of seven books of verse. Her best known sonnet is the widely quoted "Tears."

KIMBALL YOUNG is assistant professor of psychology at the University of Oregon, and the author of "Mental Differences in Immigrants."

CARLETON WASHBURNE is superintendent of schools at Winnetka, Illinois.

CONRAD AIKEN is the author of several books of verse and short stories, and of a book of critical essays, "Scepticisms."

ROSE MARY FISCHKIN is connected with the Art Institute of Chicago.

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